HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

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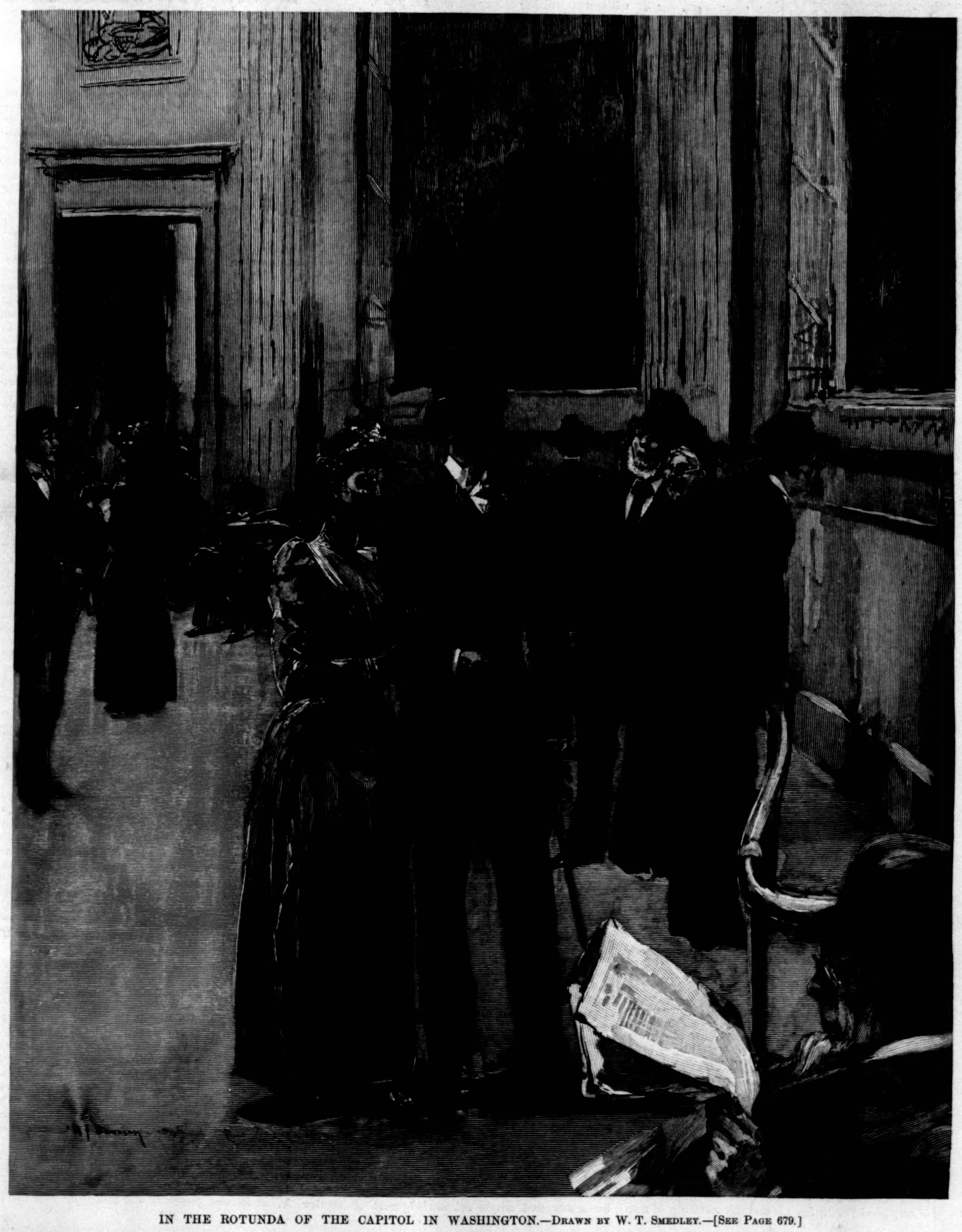

IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 679.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

SEPTEMBER.

☞ *The publication of the September number of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *was postponed from August 22 to August 26, by reason of an unforeseen delay in the presentation of "Across the Andes."*

This Number contains, among other attractions, the first instalment of a series of important and timely papers on

SOUTH AMERICA,

by THEODORE CHILD, illustrated from photographs, and from drawings by leading American artists.

Mr. CHILD, during his recent South American tour, undertaken for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, made a special study of the social, economic, and industrial phases of life in the countries which he visited; and, in view of recent events in that continent, the timeliness and importance of these papers can scarcely be overestimated. The first article, entitled

"Across the Andes,"

describes a journey made in January, 1890, along the line of the great Transandine Railway from Buenos Ayres to the Pacific slope. It is accompanied by thirteen illustrations from photographs, and from drawings by W. HAMILTON GIBSON, T. DE THULSTRUP, and others.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE CONTENTS.

Port Tarascon: The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin. (Fourth Instalment.) By ALPHONSE DAUDET. With seventeen Illustrations.

Recent Discoveries of Painted Greek Sculpture. By RUSSELL STURGIS. With fifteen Illustrations.

The Social Side of Yachting. By J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U. S. N. With Illustrations by T. DE THULSTRUP.

The Wild Garden. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. With twelve Illustrations from Drawings by the author.

Harvard University in 1890. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Mountain Passes of the Cumberland. With Maps. By JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The Metric System. By H. W. RICHARDSON.

Lively and Fascinating Stories by Mrs. S. P. MCLEAN GREENE, Miss MARY E. WILKINS, and BARNET PHILLIPS, and the usual variety of Illustrated Articles, Poems, etc.

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

No. 1758.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND

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A PARTY CRISIS.

As we write, the practical defeat or postponement of the election bill seems probable by a divided action in the dominant party like that which defeated the force bill fifteen years ago. The division is serious, and its real results are yet to be disclosed. The bill, like the old force bill, is essentially a partisan measure, veiled, of course, under a patriotic pretence. By partisan we do not mean a measure supported by a party, because all great acts of legislation are usually of that kind. But it is a measure apparently designed primarily to secure party ascendency, not to secure a public benefit. The wrong at which it is professedly aimed is undeniable. But the measure proposed would not remedy the wrong. From the beginning the WEEKLY has held this view, and it has seen nowhere any answer to the question, how in the actual situation such a measure could either bring out the suppressed vote or improve the local feeling which is the real cause of the suppression. Our view of the bill is well stated by a high Republican authority, the Milwaukee *Sentinel:*

> "The *Sentinel* has not changed its views in regard to that measure. It never doubted the right of Congress to pass such an enactment, nor the existence of abuses it is designed to abate; but it did and does question the expediency of attempting to enact it. This doubt as to its expediency is based on the opinion that it will not be effective to assure honest elections where the great frauds upon the ballot-box are practised, while it will be used, as it is already used, by political demagogues to perpetuate unjust animosities against the Republican party, and open still wider the fountains of sectional distrust and hatred in the South."

This is not a solitary Republican voice; there has been a great deal of doubt and opposition in the Republican press, which was, indeed, so apathetic that Mr. BELDEN tried in vain to arouse it to spur the Senate to action. As time passed and the Senate delayed, Republican opposition to the bill became more positive and pronounced. The hopelessness of any good results from it and the certainty of mischief were so evident that enough Senators were at last willing to drop it to hasten action upon the tariff, and Mr. HOAR in the caucus brought the question to a direct issue, and it was practically decided to let the election bill drop. The reasons undoubtedly were many. The pending tariff bill, and the reluctance to adopt a form of summarily closing debate, probably induced some Senators to acquiesce in dropping the election bill who might otherwise have supported it. They feared that to try to pass both might end in passing neither, and feeling that the tariff was much the more important in the general party opinion, and that its passage would be much more beneficial to the party treasury, they chose the more promising alternative. But the fact of their decision is a revelation of the want of unanimity of opinion in the party at large upon the question. Senators do not break from the party majority in Congress without consulting party sentiment at home.

The crack of the party whip in the press over the dissenting Senators has been very angry and sharp. The New York *Tribune* has not only made the most strenuous party appeal, but in its ardor it has even uttered threats which throw a curious light upon the tariff bill. The public ground for the passage of the MCKINLEY bill has been the benefit of the whole people, high wages, and general happiness. But the *Tribune* warned Senator QUAY that if he persisted in voting to drop the election bill the interests, not of the people at large nor of the wage workers, but of "his friends," might suffer. That means that the tariff especially benefits his friends, and that those benefits will be forfeited if he does not behave himself. There could not be a franker admission that the tariff is special legislation for the benefit of classes. There has not been such angry appeal and scolding within the party since its organization. The protest of Mr. BLAINE and of certain Senators against the MCKINLEY bill, and the denunciation of the course of the Republican Senate upon the election bill, imply a very grave party division if not rupture. Powerful forces in the party are pulling different ways, and the administration itself is pitifully feeble and ineffective in any kind of party control. Speaker REED and Secretary BLAINE openly differ; while Senator HOAR and other leaders are arrayed angrily against Senators PLUMB and QUAY. Behind each stands a large party constituency, and all agree in contemning the President. The general course of the party in Congress, from the extraordinary assumptions of Speaker REED to the forced passage through the House of the tariff and election bills, has alienated much Republican sympathy, and has not conciliated independent voters. But the result of the party difference in the practical defeat of the election bill would be a cause of congratulation to a great body of Republican, Democratic, and independent citizens.

THE GREAT DAY OF THE GRAND ARMY.

THE recent meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic in Boston was the largest ever held. The posts in every part of the country where they exist were represented. The President and part of his cabinet, the Governor of Massachusetts and the State officers, General SHERMAN and other conspicuous veterans, were present. The city was profusely decorated with patriotic emblems. There was a constant throng of strangers pouring through the streets. Crowded meetings and banquets overflowed the halls of the city with patriotic enthusiasm, and the great parade, reviewed by the President and chief guests, was one of the most brilliant and significant spectacles in the annals of Boston. The familiar songs of the war were everywhere sung. The bands played the marches to which the boys in blue had marched to battle. Every sight and sound recalled the great days of nearly a generation ago, and no occasion of the kind probably was ever attended with more sincere and ardent feeling. This was not confined to the soldiers. It was the spontaneous emotion of the city and of New England. Like all the rest of the country, they sent the flower of their youth to the war for the Union, and honor for the memory of the heroes is imperishable in the New England heart.

No people has ever manifested its gratitude and honor for the soldiers of a national contest more amply than the people of the United States. Their generosity has been fabulous and reckless. Their pension tax is $150,000,000, a sum unprecedented in history. It is more than all the pension lists of all other countries combined, and very much more than the cost of maintaining enormous standing armies. This immense sum is taken from the poorest as well as the richest citizens. Not a hard-working man in the country but contributes, directly or indirectly, his share. The annual payment of a sum so vast is the evidence not only of an abiding sense of justice, but of a lavish profusion, which brings justice and gratitude into question. The attitude of the people of this country toward the Union soldiers is so unstintedly liberal that it was painful and startling to note that the chief action at the Boston meeting was neither recalling the glorious patriotic consecration of feeling which assured the Union victory, nor the honorable and ample acknowledgment of service made by the country, but a practical reproach of the country as niggardly, and a demand for a greater outlay for pensions. The committee on pension legislation made a majority report which should have been a frank and strong and full acknowledgment of the generosity of the country toward the soldiers, and an equally strong and pointed rebuke of the attempt in some quarters to make merchandise of patriotism. But the tone of the report was timid, hesitating, apologetic, and deprecatory. It evidently wished to restrain the demand for a service pension, but as evidently doubted whether it could do it. It said, however, the present pension law, while not exactly what the Grand Army has asked, is "the most liberal pension measure ever passed by any legislative body in the world, and *will place upon the rolls all the survivors of the war whose conditions of health are not practically perfect.*"

Is it conceivable that American survivors of a war waged to defend the national existence could ask more than this? General BUTLER, indeed, asserted that the country was trying to shirk a bargain with the soldiers, but that the soldiers had the power and ought to hold the people to their contract. Such things are expected from General BUTLER, but it was amazing that even the report from which we have quoted was rejected by the delegates, and the minority report was substituted, demanding a pension for everybody who served in the army at all. The delegate vote in favor of this demand was 174 to 160. This result shows that at least half of the Grand Army refuses to degrade patriotic duty into a bargain. Indeed, upon that ground the present pension laws are unjust to the people of the country. If patriotic service was a bargain, there was no agreement, expressed or implied, beyond the payment of a sum specified, and a pension for injuries resulting from actual service. But the suggestion of a bargain is a foul stigma upon American patriots. If the great body of Union veterans could be regarded by the country in the light which this view throws upon them, it would be the worst of misfortunes for them and for the country. It would replace patriots with hirelings, and substitute sharp bargaining for the most generous sacrifice nobly acknowledged. The action was taken, however, although by a very close vote, and thus the lustre of a great and noble commemoration was dimmed.

TIN.

THE advantage of prolonged and thorough public debate is shown by the course of opinion upon the MCKINLEY bill. The general argument for a high tariff that increases wages and extends industries by excluding foreign products or heightening their cost is very plausible to the great body of people, who have little time for research and argument which depends upon knowledge of details. This is known, of course, to those who wished to "rush" the tariff through Congress. But prolonged debate fixes attention upon single details, and as one point is comprehended the whole subject is illuminated. This is shown by the discussion of the proposition to double and more the duty on tin plate. We imported during 1888–9 thirty-three million pounds of tin. It is especially useful in cans, pails, kettles, and other familiar forms. Last year the duties paid amounted to $7,541,000. South Dakota contains, according to one of its Senators, the richest and most extensive tin mines in the world, and it produces also the iron and the fuel, the necessary means of manufacture. The protection proposition is to pay much more than double the present tariff tax upon tin plate in order to try the experiment of enabling American manufacturers to furnish the product.

This is a proposal to the workman to agree to pay twice as much for his dinner pail for five years, or for as much time as may be necessary to establish the tin manufacture here, upon the chance that his dinner pail will then cost him no more than it does now, and perhaps less. It is a kind of lottery, in which he certainly pays a large price for a ticket, and in which he may draw a prize large enough ultimately to reimburse him for his outlay if he should live long enough, and if the chances should all turn out well. This is not a very inviting temptation, but it is one which the owner of the dinner pail can readily comprehend. The real appeal to him is that he ought to be patriotic enough to be willing to pay twice as much for his pail as he pays now, in order that it may be ascertained whether his countrymen cannot hereafter furnish him a pail at the present price, if not less. For the sake of patriotism he ought to be glad to foster the infant tin industry at his own expense.

The proprietor of the dinner pail, however, under the stress of this patriotic appeal, will naturally ask how soon similar infant industries emerge from infancy and the support of a tariff and go alone. Does the history of tariffs, he will ask, show that the taxes which they impose upon specific articles decrease and disappear, or do they continue and even increase, while wages increase but slowly, and the capital invested grows swiftly and enormously? This interesting question can be answered but in one way. What he sees, presently and clearly, is that the proprietors of the tin mines and the manufacturers of tin pails become very rich, while the buyer and user of the pail still pays the higher price out of wages which the tax has not materially increased. As the manufacture thrives and its profits greatly increase, the owner and buyer of the pail will look in vain for a reduction of the tariff, but he will still be told that if he will wait long enough he will get the equivalent of a reduction in the lower price of his pail. By this time he will probably begin to understand the situation a little, and he will conclude that except upon an equitable basis which has never been attained, and which is not sought, a high protective tariff is a contrivance to take money from one citizen and give it to another, in the hope that somehow or other the giver may some time get some kind of an equivalent.

THE GRAVE OF GRANT.

Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Lincoln at Springfield, in Illinois, the other Presidents at their homes, and there seems to be no good reason why Grant should not lie where it is understood that he preferred to be buried, in the city which he deliberately chose for his home. Mrs. Grant, as her son states, desires not to oppose any strong national preference, wishing only that wherever her husband may finally lie, she shall be buried by his side.

A sum quite large enough for a fitting monument has been raised in New York—about $150,000, as is officially stated—and why the work has been so long delayed is not very clear, except that it was hoped a million of dollars might be contributed for the purpose. Such an expectation, however, is too foolish to be seriously entertained. General Grant was buried in a fitting spot on the edge of the city in which he passed his last years and died, and upon the banks of the most historic American river, to which his monument would add another enduring and precious patriotic decoration. The sum already collected is large enough to build a proper monument.

The Arlington Cemetery is hallowed by heroic associations; but it would not be well, even were it possible, to gather in one spot the sacred ashes of the soldiers of the war. It is better that, like Wickliffe's dust, they be "spread abroad." The soldiers came from every part of the loyal Union; there let them lie. Grant is no more associated with Washington by the war than any other of the great Union Generals—certainly not so much as Lincoln, whose body no one would disturb. Feelings of jealousy of New York, or hostility to it, or a desire to rebuke it, can have no rightful part in the decision of the question. Grant lies in a fitting grave. Why should his body be disturbed?

POLICE MATRONS.

It is a shame to the city that the Police Board should hesitate in appointing matrons at the police stations. We believe that it is owing to Governor Hill that the law authorizing the appointments was made permissive instead of mandatory. But it is hard to understand what good reason could have influenced the Executive judgment to such a conclusion. Mrs. Lowell, late State Commissioner of Charities, has recently written to the Board of Police, referring to the appeal made to them by a body of most estimable women some months since to make the appointments—an appeal based upon the ground that common decency demanded that drunken and degraded women should be removed from the sight and hearing of the men and boys who are held at the station-houses.

That consideration alone was enough, but experience has revealed another reason which is even more powerful. As Mrs. Lowell now says: "Within two months, however, one of your officers has pleaded guilty, and been sentenced to imprisonment for attempted assault on a girl of fifteen while under the protection of your board in one of your station-houses." She adds that as the board has had for two years the power to protect such girls by placing them under the care of matrons, it is not unjust to hold it responsible for the fearful wrong done to this young girl, as well as for the ruin of the life of the officer who was placed in a position that offered temptations which he could not resist.

Nothing can deepen the force of such an argument. The most innocent women, from sudden illness or other causes, may be at any moment brought to the station-houses. Humanity, civilization, common decency, demand that they shall not needlessly be exposed to frightful outrage; nor less do they require that the same protection shall be extended to other women, however degraded, in order that the station-houses shall not become, in ways which are entirely avoidable, dens and schools of vice.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

At the annual meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association, Mr. William L. Stone, the indefatigable secretary, to whose devotion and persistence much of the credit of the memorial work is due, presented an interesting report. Two bills are pending in Congress, one authorizing the loan of the eight cannon captured from Burgoyne, and the other appropriating money for the final expenses, including the cost of the dedication. The Board of Trustees have sustained a serious loss in the deaths of Mr. S. S. Cox and Mr. George L. Schuyler, of which, with that of Mr. John M. Davison, a valuable member of the Board, due notice was taken in the report and proceedings.

There is no monument in the State in which State pride is more natural and justifiable than that at Saratoga. It commemorates not only the chief event of the Revolution in New York, but the turning-point of the struggle. Burgoyne's expedition was the last and most important and confident attempt of Great Britain to retain the colonies which she had alienated. Its brilliant preparation, its dramatic opening, the spectacle of the gay progress up Lake Champlain, and the sudden and startling fall of Ticonderoga, followed immediately by the equally sudden obstruction and arrest of the victorious march in the woods of the upper Hudson, the tragedy of Jane McCrea, the disasters at Fort Stanwix and at Bennington, the first battle at Bemus Heights, the surrender at Saratoga, the march of the captured troops across New England, and the total discredit of Burgoyne—all compose one of the most significant and picturesque chapters of our history.

The monument is now almost completed, and a committee has under consideration the question of the transfer of the structure and the grounds to the national government. The dedication will be an occasion of national interest; for the Saratoga Monument, standing properly between that at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, commemorates the great and decisive event between the beginning and the end of the Revolution.

A NEW UNIVERSITY.

The startling announcement of a new Baptist university to be established in the city of New York with the unprecedented endowment of twenty millions of dollars by Mr. Rockefeller proved to be untrue. But it suggested many reflections. If such a sum were to be devoted to the purposes of higher education in this country, it would be a matter of national importance and interest, and the first question would be whether it would be more wisely used in the foundation of a new university where the best institutions of the kind already exist, or in strengthening and extending such institutions.

This question is answered in Professor Norton's admirable article on "Harvard University in 1890" in Harper's Magazine for September. In speaking of the new Clark University at Worcester, scarcely two hours by railroad from Cambridge, Professor Norton says, "However serviceable such a new institution may become, the fact is not to be overlooked that its establishment involves a dissipation of wealth and of energy." Not only would

> "the needless duplication of the instruments of study, of buildings, libraries, and laboratories be avoided, but more than this, and of more essential importance, no new school of learning in a region where an old and vigorous one exists can share in those traditions and associations of inestimable value in education—stimulating, elevating, and refining—which inhere in an institution that has long been one of the chief sources of the higher intellectual and moral life of the community, and in the support of which the affections of many successive generations have been engaged. These are things that neither money nor mere good-will can supply."

A university is a body of teachers, and competent teachers for a new university are not readily found. Even money will not always allure the most desirable teacher. Moreover, in the announcement of which we speak great stress was laid upon the sectarian character of the university, as in the Roman Catholic University at Washington. But sectarianism is hostile to the highest object of a university, which is the unbiassed study of pure truth. To accomplish the best results a university must be absolutely free from sectarian control, and the tendency of all our great colleges, which were generally sectarian in their origin, is to independence of sectarian bias of any kind.

THE LATE MR. BRACE.

It is never too late to say a good word of a good man, and there were few citizens of New York who merit that title more fully than Charles Loring Brace, who died recently in Switzerland. For about forty years, with great and patient devotion, he was engaged—and with the happiest results—in the rescue and wise guidance of the neglected youth of New York. The Children's Aid Society, which he founded and directed, is one of the most notable and beneficent charities. The number of boys whom he set forward happily in the world is very great, and if they know their benefactor it is a large concourse of mourners that hears of his death.

Mr. Brace was singularly wise, patient, and persistent in the prosecution of his work. No disappointment nor delay could affect him. He refused to be discouraged, for he understood the conditions with which he dealt, and the nature of the success at which he aimed. His good sense, moderation, and unfailing cheerfulness, his wide experience and generous sympathy, his quiet faith and tact, made him an unequalled leader, whose place may be filled, but not easily supplied.

His work was the prompting of the highest and truest public spirit, and there was no better type of what a citizen of New York should be than Mr. Brace. He acknowledged cheerfully that he was his brother's keeper, and that no man lives for himself alone. Therefore he was not a man of narrow interests, but cultivated in many ways, and of unwearied mental hospitality to every new-comer, and one of the real but noiseless moral forces of the city. His death is a public misfortune, but his memory will be a perpetual incitement to civic courage and devotion.

SAMUEL SLATER'S DREAM.

An interesting centenary will be celebrated next December at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where Samuel Slater, on the 21st of December, 1790, virtually began cotton manufacture in this country, although previous efforts had been made. Slater was a pupil of Arkwright, and as the English law forbade the communication of models of the cotton-spinning machinery to other countries, Slater, trusting to his memory, reconstructed it under a contract with William Almy and Smith Brown. But for some time he could not recall a small but essential part of the process, and the tradition is that in a dream he returned to England, examined the machinery, found what he wanted, and upon awaking completed his work successfully.

A recent article in the *Evening Post* alludes to this story. But many years ago Mr. Slater himself related the circumstances to a gentleman in this country, who often repeated it in his family, from whom we have it. After long labor, working secretly, with the aid of one man only, Slater thought that he had put the machinery in running order, and invited a few gentlemen interested in the enterprise to see the happy result of his toil. Proud and excited, he essayed to start the machine, but it did not move. In vain he tried, and, mortified and grieved, he dismissed his friends, assuring them, however, that he should certainly discover the difficulty.

But he was deeply discouraged. All the day and night he pondered and examined and tested and tried to move the machinery. But still it remained motionless. At length, heart-sick and weary, he leaned his head against the machine and fell asleep. As he slept he heard distinctly a cheerful, friendly voice, saying, "Why don't you chalk the bands, Sam?" He started up, broad awake, and knew at once that a slight friction in the working of the machine was what was wanting, and again summoning his friends, he saw in the smooth action of the jenny the triumphant result of his work. It is a pleasant story, and the Slater legend is not an invention, unless Mr. Slater deceived himself.

PERSONAL.

H. Walter Webb, the Third Vice-President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, whose struggle against the strikers has brought him into such prominence of late, is thirty-nine years old, and was graduated from Columbia College in 1873. He studied law and practised it for a while, and then entered a Wall Street banking-house as a partner. In 1886 he undertook the reorganization and management of the Wagner Car Company, and was so successful that eighteen months ago he was called into the executive offices of the New York Central, promotion to his present position following later on. It is thought that if Chauncey M. Depew should resign the Presidency of the road, Mr. Webb would be his successor.

—Jean Ingelow, who is fifty years old, lives in retirement with her mother at Kensington, England. She writes but little, and devotes much of her time and income to charitable work.

—Mrs. William C. Whitney recently gave a luncheon at Newport at which there were twenty-two tables decorated in eleven different colors.

—Senator Ingalls has built a new and handsome house on a site overlooking the city of Atchison, Kansas, to replace the one which was burned some time ago. His new home will be finely furnished, but he cannot replace the library which he lost in the fire, and which he had spent a lifetime in collecting.

—A memorial to Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, is to be erected at Kirkaldy, Scotland, his birthplace.

—The oldest pensioner in the United States is Mrs. Henry Ray, a colored woman, one hundred and twelve years old, who lives near Glen Gardner, New Jersey. Her husband was an army cook during the war of 1812, and she draws a life pension of $12 a month. She is in good health, but nearly blind.

—The scheme of Pundita Ramabai to rescue the child-widows of India, for which she enlisted substantial sympathy by her lectures in this country a year or two ago, is not proving as successful, it is said, as she and her friends hoped it would. A reform which strikes at one of the greatest social weaknesses of caste-bound India cannot, however, be expected to travel with railroad speed. If in these early days of its inception it attains the momentum of Juggernaut's car, it will be a cause for hopefulness.

—M. de Gasté, the French champion of woman's rights, recently tried unsuccessfully to have his daughter, forty years old, declared incompetent to manage her own affairs.

—Among the veterans who attended the recent Grand Army reunion at Boston was John F. Chase, of Augusta, Maine, who received forty-eight wounds by the explosion of a shell at Gettysburg. His right arm was blown off, and his left eye torn from its socket, and he lay on the field two days before it was discovered that he was alive. He is now in comfortable health, and receives a pension of $46 a month.

—The craze for titles seems to have attacked the King of Italy, and he talks of making himself "Emperor of Erythrea and Eastern Africa," because of his protectorate of Abyssinia and some colonies on the Red Sea.

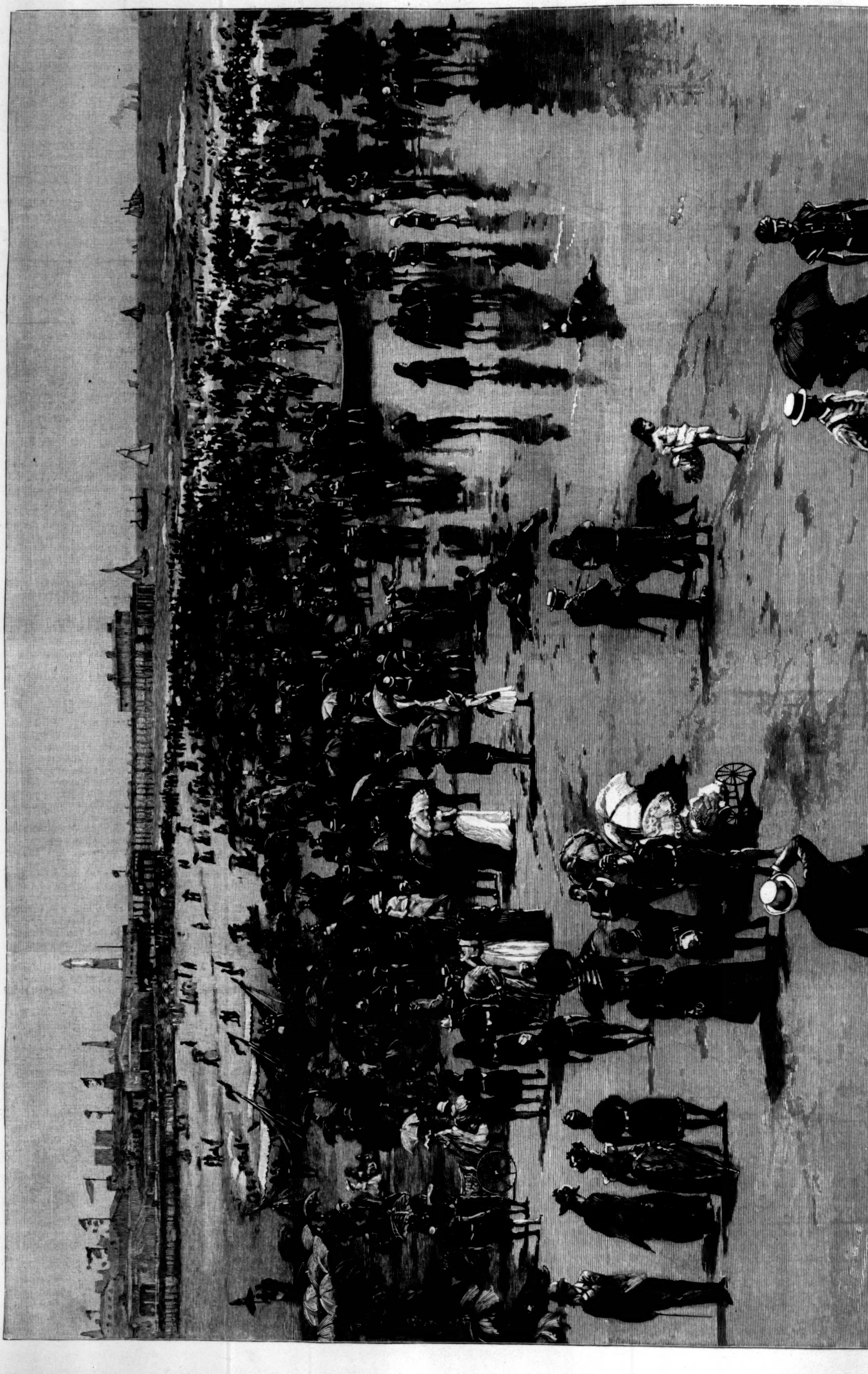
—Hon. Miller Chamberlain, manager of the Boston Public Library for the past twelve years, has resigned on account of poor health.

—British royalty is inclined to scout with considerable asperity the statement that the present reigning house is not entitled to the high-flown family name of Guelph. In marrying Prince Albert, however, the Queen would naturally be expected to take his surname, and this is Wettin, the family name of the house of Saxony.

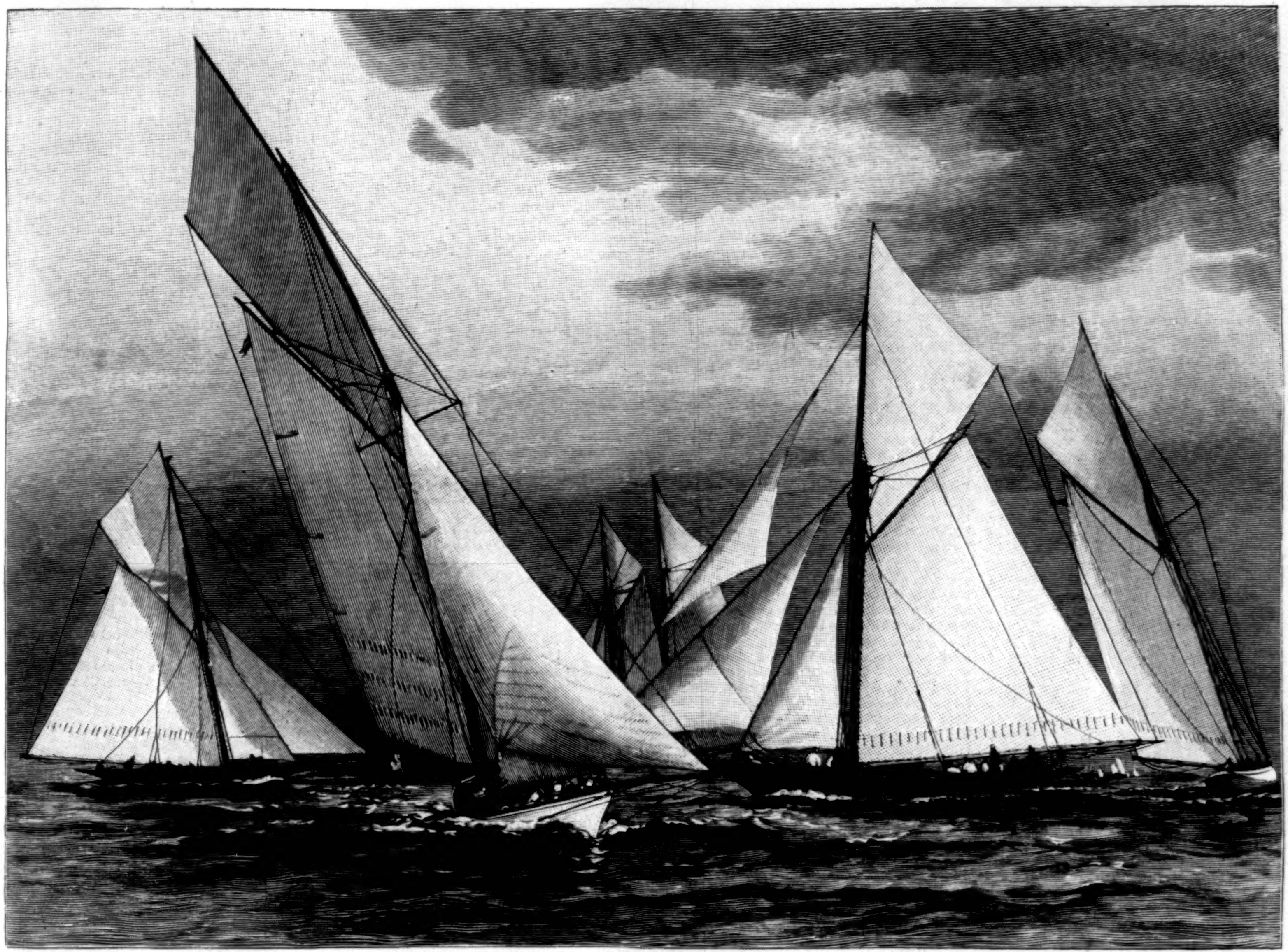
—The estate of the late John Boyle O'Reilly will amount, it is said, to $150,000.

—Mrs. John A. Logan is quite an adept with carpenters' tools, and can put up a shelf or build a cupboard almost as skilfully as if she had learned the trade.

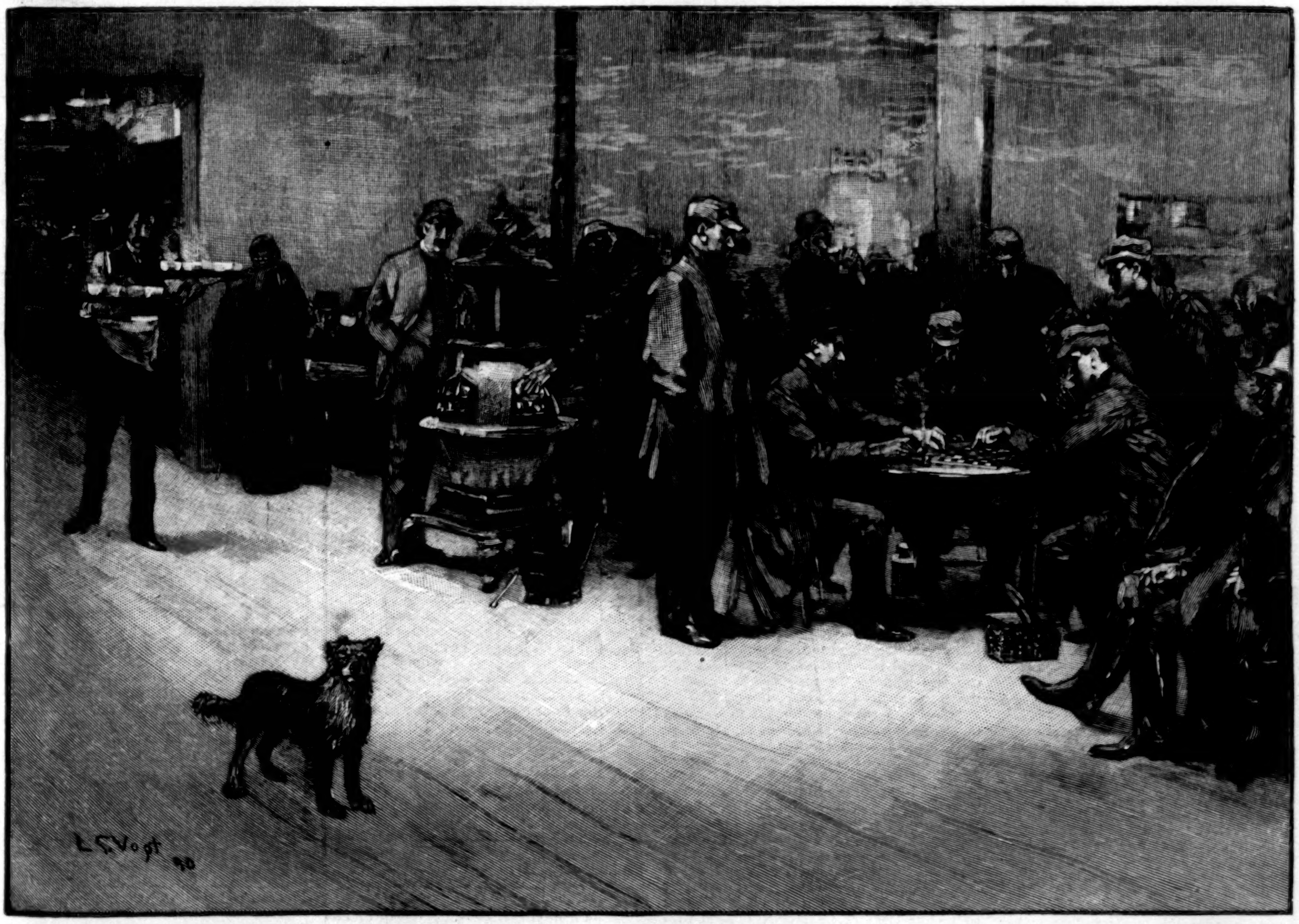
—Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is fifty-three years old, although he looks much younger. He is a lawyer, and wears good clothes of the latest cut, but somehow or other he looks like a farmer, his plain and almost rough manners, and his terse English when he talks, helping the illusion. He is tall, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested, and when he warms up in debate he likes to walk the central aisle, as Conkling used to, and in his rugged Western way pour hot shot into his opponents. To keep up with the times he takes a large number of newspapers, many of which he reads himself, while in one way or another he manages to find out what they all contain. With the Kansas Grangers he is intensely popular, although his party associates in the United States Senate do not enjoy his frank independence in opposing some of their propositions.



THE BATHING HOUR ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 682.]


Minerva.
Gossoon.
Liris.
Mariquita.

THE FOUR FOREMOST FORTY-FOOTERS—SEASON OF 1890.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.—[See Page 687.]



A LONGSHOREMEN'S RETREAT, BROOKLYN.—Drawn by L. C. Vogt.—[See Page 679.]

A SOLDIER'S SOUVENIR.

If, as George Eliot says, to the soldier "that hour is regal when he mounts on guard," what phrase can convey an idea of what it is to him when camp is struck and the march begins? To the one particular volunteer with whom we have to deal, the end of a winter's bivouac and the embarking on the campaign epitomized the dreams of the Crusaders when they saw the turrets of Byzantium and the waters of the Hellespont. It was the spring of 1864, and the armies gathered together for the final grapple with rebellion were made up of the flower of the country's youth. Ralph Volney, our volunteer, had quit Harvard on the threshold of the Senior year, filled with those intimations of warrior immortality which impelled all that was high-minded and generous to fly to the rescue of the Union after the disastrous year 1863. Drilling and droning in camp at Newport News six months had checked the enthusiasm though it did not demolish the ardor of the collegian. In his heart he cherished the adage of Napoleon, that a marshal's baton was sure to turn up in the soldier's knapsack who gave his body to danger and his devotion to duty. When word came, therefore, that the decisive moment was at hand, Volney, with an equal mind, prepared himself for glory or the grave. War so far had been far from grim. Now, however, the impedimenta of the camp, the copious luxuries of an unrestrained commissariat, were stored in the frowning battlements of Fortress Monroe, and the troops, stripped to actual necessities, embarked for the battle-field. In the thrilling mysteriousness of a balmy May night the legions embarked on the waters of the James River, within sight of the relics left by the hurricane's handiwork a year before. Before dawn the little armada was anchored in a wide inlet on the southern shore. Ralph, awake and alert for the first glimpse of rebel land, found his vessel swaying gently to the tide in a little bay embowered in the soft green of early spring. The air was vocal with the song of birds under the branches, the greensward spread far away into misty vistas like a vision of Arcady. The enemy had fled before such an imposing demonstration, and the little army disembarked unmolested. Through a vernal valley of delight the column marched inland an hour or more before the bugles sounded a halt for breakfast. There were no signs of the enemy who had so long held the southern bank, defying the legions of the North.

When the march was resumed, pickets were thrown out far in advance of the column. The road was still moist with dew. It was not until noon that the air became thick with dust, and the realities of war began to shape themselves. Then Ralph, who was in the advance, was astonished by a vicious whizzing near his ear, and the reverberation of a musket a few yards ahead. The skirmish line was increased, groups of six or eight men spread out right and left, and the enemy drew back. Then outlines of a pretty village could be seen through the foliage. As there was no sign of surrender, a few shells were thrown over the roofs, and the little force pushed forward rapidly. Ralph's company, on the arrival of the main body, was recalled from the skirmish line, and ordered to hold its post at the entrance to the town. But suddenly the firing broke out anew, and it seemed with increased volume, on the enemy's side. The bullets whistling through the leafy woods admonished Ralph and his comrades to seek the shelter of the walls. Ralph, advancing through a lovely garden, came suddenly upon a large mansion embowered in fragrant mulberry-trees. The windows were all open; the verandas, extending along three sides, were littered with household goods and evidences of flight in every form. The soldiers, however, had no chance to remark these details, for just as a group of them emerged through the shrubbery, lances of flame thrust themselves upward from the roof, while blinding clouds of smoke puffed out of the upper windows. A dismal howl preceded a score of scared negroes breaking from the out-buildings. Recognizing the blue uniform, they flew to the soldiers in a grotesque mingling of terror and joy.

"Whose house is this?" Ralph asked one of the chattering group.

"Massa Evenden's, sah."

"Where is he?"

"He's done gone wif Gen'l Hoke, sah."

"Is there no one in the house?"

"'Fo' God, I don't know, massa."

At this moment a piercing shriek came from the upper floors; a terrified face—a woman's—could be seen at one of the windows. Ralph darted through the open doorway, and was soon on the landing at the head of the broad stairway. The shrieks had ceased, but he could hear wild sobbing, broken by little gulps as of some one stifled by the smoke. At the end of the hallway he came upon a woman. She was fixing with feverish haste a chair upon a table, and looking distractedly upward. Ralph thought the terror of the fight and the calamity of the fire had driven her insane. As he came before her she shrieked in terror, and wrung her hands imploringly: "Oh, my God—my God! he will be burnt—he will be burnt! Save him—save him!" But, suffocated by the smoke, now grown dense in the neighboring rooms, which poured into the halls, she sank upon the table, quite helpless.

"What is it, madam? Who is in danger? But first let me conduct you to a safer place than this," Ralph said, kindly, proffering her his aid.

She could only see dimly the figure of a boyish soldier, but his voice seemed to inspire confidence, for she raised herself, and said, in gasps: "My husband was wounded on the Blackwater. He was put in the tower room, just above our heads, to conceal him from the Yankees—from—from—" She halted in a panic over this slip, and a wave of smoke concealed her for a moment. "We had the stair taken away to conceal the tower room, and now he will be burnt. Oh, my God! he will be burnt!"

But quite exhausted now by the stifling smoke and her terror, she fell helpless against the table. Ralph heard his companions close at hand. He could not see them, and calling for assistance dragged the inanimate woman toward the stairway. Meeting a comrade, he bade him carry his burden to the open air, and then set about rescuing the imprisoned enemy. It was impossible to reach the ceiling from the inside; he saw that at a glance. Calling to his friends, and explaining the situation, he darted through the window upon the roof of the broad veranda. From this point he could not catch a glimpse of the tower, as it was in the centre of the building. The southern corner of the roof was a column of flame; at the opposite corner a massive buttonwood-tree spread its arms quite to the roof. Running to the tree, Ralph leaped into the branches, climbed abreast of the roof, and let himself sway downward upon one of the stout outspreading branches until his feet touched the eaves. In an instant he was at the square tower, but wondered to see no sign of the invalid. Pushing open the narrow glass framework, he found a man stretched upon the plank floor, striving to wrench up the boards which had been nailed down and carefully sealed from below to leave no sign of the hiding-place.

"Come, my man, there's no time to try to get out that way. We must take our chances from the roof."

As Ralph said this, the man turned his face upward in frightened astonishment. But there was no time for explanation. His left arm was bound in a sling, his feet swathed in bandages. Ralph saw at a glance that he must be carried if he were to be saved from the flames.

Leaning on the Union soldier, the Confederate limped painfully to the edge of the roof where the buttonwood had served Ralph as a ladder. But here it was evident that the tree could not be made use of as a means of descent. Ralph examined all the space on the roof as yet untouched by the flames, but there was no appearance of a way of escape. He signalled the soldiers on the greensward below, and shouted to them to look for a ladder. He saw them questioning the negroes; then two or three ran toward the out-houses, and presently, after what appeared an age, a gang came forward bearing a ladder. But the hope that sprung up at the sight was dashed when, coming nearer, he saw that the ladder would not reach half the distance. What to do? The flames had eaten round and shot up like fiery palisades on three sides of the roof. The only open space was at the buttonwood tree, whose arms hung invitingly near. But while they were a refuge for Ralph, the wounded man could never make use of them.

"Stay here. Don't despair. I'll try another plan."

Ralph darted to the tree, swung himself into it, and hurried to the ground. As he ran to the group with the ladder, the wife, just revived, caught sight of him, and with a despairing cry caught his arm.

"You cannot save him?"

"I can and will save him;" and Ralph rapidly directed the men to follow him with the ladder. They were blinded with smoke as he pushed into the hallway and up to the veranda. From this point of vantage the roof could be touched by the end of the ladder. But the flames had eaten under the eaves, and were running along the overhang. Ralph, bidding the men hold the ladder securely, ran up; but it was impossible to get through the broadening wall of flame that was eating the eaves. With an exclamation of despair Ralph descended again, bade the men remain where they were with the ladder; securing his gun strap, he climbed the tree again, swung off upon the roof, and rapidly explaining his plan to the cripple, bound and dragged him to the spot where the ladder was held by the men below. Placing the man on his back, and binding him on with his gun strap, he shouted to the men underneath, who could not see him through the belt of smoke and flame:

"Hold firm. I'm going to get on the ladder."

He had his rubber blanket, and with this he covered his own and his protégé's head, to resist the flame during the time that they would be forced to endure it. Kneeling upon the roof, with his back to the ladder, he backed to the edge until his feet touched the eaves. His companions raised the ladder when they saw his feet, and then, holding on to the burning roof, he steadied himself with his helpless burden until the round of the ladder could be felt. Happily there were enough men below to sustain the weight, and in a second he was down far enough to escape the hot flame. How he got further he didn't know, but he did get down some way, and with a great cheer the rescuer and rescued were carried down—both unconscious—to the greensward. Ralph's hands were badly burned, but the blanket had preserved his face and head, and the regimental surgeon applied balm to heal the wounds, though Ralph was not fit for duty the next day, nor for many days, as he could not handle his gun. The regiment took up the march a day later for camp, and Ralph's laudable curiosity as to the fate of the wounded Confederate and his wife remained ungratified. Being only a private soldier, he could not institute inquiries, and when he left the pretty town of Evenden the souvenirs of his intrepidity were his burned hands and a knapsack full of books that he had picked up on the lawn, where the excited negroes had pitched them when the house was burning.

Ralph was in many an engagement afterward, from Bermuda Hundreds to Five Forks, but he never forgot his first essay in combat, where chivalry as well as patriotism incited his youthful ardor. On the return to camp he had an opportunity to examine his literary loot. The books were marked "Beverly Evenden," and evidently formed part of a large library. Every reading man in the regiment had stored his knapsack with these treasures; but their possession was short. One day an order came to the regiment from head-quarters, commanding the restoration of all the books carried away in the Evenden raid, as the owner was a non-combatant. A rigid search followed in every tent of the regiment. Now it happened Ralph was on picket duty some distance from camp when this happened. He had taken with him a volume of Ovid to regale his vigils in the woods. With this prize he escaped the prying mandate of the general order. While reading the volume by the camp fire one night, a folded paper fell from between the leaves. On opening it he read, in a pretty girlish hand:

"Dearest Martha,—I am truly sorry to grieve Leon, but I cannot love him. I have a very clear idea of the man I should be proud to love. I imagine him tender, brave, devoted, indifferent but not careless in danger, capable of all the foolish excesses of love that win women's hearts, yet so well sustained by personal dignity that his transports should not be ridiculous. As to person, I should not care much for looks. I confess that I should like a lover like the men we read of, who in war or peace could be tender and helpful to the weak. But what nonsense I am writing! I have taken your question literally, and here I am answering as though in the confessional. I will, however, make one pledge—I wouldn't marry a Yankee if he were brave as Bayard and gentle as Sidney. Josie."

Ralph laughed at this decisive tone and explicit specification of a young girl's love. There were no means of tracing the writer. He lost himself in piquant revery over the personality of Josie, wondering where the fortunes of war had carried her. The book, unlike the others taken from the burning house, had no name on the fly-leaf, and he could not tell whether the writer was a member of the Evenden family or not. He kept the letter and the book, and when, at the end of the war, he returned to Bucephalo a captain, he showed the letter to his sister, telling her, jokingly, that he was going to wait until he met the writer before he laid his laurels at the feet of beauty.

"Evenden," said his sister Polly, musingly. "There was a Marcus Evenden in Cambridge in the winter of 1860, while I was visiting the Spragues; perhaps he might help you to find the Yankee-hater."

But no trace of Marcus Evenden ever presented itself to the returned soldier, and he had stored the incident away among his army souvenirs when, in 1868, he was sent by his admiring townsmen to Washington as a member of Congress. It was a memorable time at the capital. The civilians who had watched the war from afar were in force in Congress, bent upon prolonging the strife in the halls of legislation.

The impoverished citizens of the South were in force besieging the Treasury for restitution, and the members were beset with claims. With a just instinct, the unfortunates who came with wrongs to right implored the ex-soldiers in Congress to aid them, rather than the warlike civilians, whose hatred of rebels increased as the war became a thing of the past. The young member for Bucephalo was burdened with the papers of "rebel claimants." The fame of his success with the Treasury officials was known in the capital, and he had no time for the work dear to the heart of young legislators—speech-making. One day, however, when he had roused the house by a kindly plea for the vanquished, a card was brought to him on which he read:

"Will the Hon. Ralph Volney accord a moment to an unfortunate victim, who seeks his intervention in desperate extremity?
"Marion J. Evenden."

Ralph rose in a glow. Evenden! The memory of that first day of battle arose before him. He hurried to the reception-room so fast that the little page trotting after him was far behind when the crowded waiting-room was reached. The boy led him to a dim corner, where, among scores of mourning-clad figures, a lady sat pensively looking out upon the green slopes of the Capitol grounds. The boy touched her arm before she was aware of his presence, and said, "This is the gentleman, ma'am."

The lady turned, and fastened eyes of melancholy beauty upon the Congressman. Her black veil encased shining waves of golden hair, giving the girlish face the demure stamp of a conventual sister.

Ralph bowed ceremoniously, and as the young girl half rose, asked, considerately, "Madam, I am Mr. Volney; how can I serve you?"

A faint flush of color came into the pale cheeks; the large blue eyes dilated; she half extended a hand, carefully gloved in old-fashioned silk mitts; then, with an effort, said, in a soft, musical voice, marked by the quaint inflexion of the Southron, "I come to you, sir, for two reasons: my brother, Marcus Evenden, who was killed at Petersburg in 1865, often spoke of a Ralph Volney who was in his college society at Harvard in 1860, and I thought—I hoped—"

"I recall the name, now that you mention it," Ralph said, encouragingly. "Pray believe me at your service, whatever your need may be."

She drew back, a little startled by the warmth of his tone, the unconcealable admiration in his eyes; but, evidently encouraged by the respectful sympathy and sincerity of his tone, she continued:

"Sir, you have become so identified with the helpless and wronged that I have made bold to ask you to interest yourself in a very pitiable case; to right a very cruel wrong." The tears came to her soft blue eyes, and she quite broke down.

Ralph drew a chair, and motioning to her to be seated, waited until she recovered her voice. She stated her case clearly and simply. Her father had died during the last year of the war. Her brother, Colonel Evenden, was a helpless invalid. After Judge Evenden's death in 1865 the family estate had been seized by a provost guard, through the aid of a rascally lawyer at General Butler's head-quarters, after the raid in 1864. The property was thereafter held as confiscated. It was the old story. The sharks who replaced the soldiers in the district had by chicane possessed themselves of the land, and were in possession. The story, told by a fair girl with the pathos of distress and the confidence of truth, would have been sufficient to arouse Ralph's sympathy, but the coincidence of his own handiwork in the family's penury added zest to his efforts.

The affair took time to adjust. What was most delightful to Ralph was the efficacy of his own testimony, when he brought forth the order from his own regimental head-quarters ordering the return of the books carried away from Judge Evenden's lawn, on the ground that the forces of the United States could not, under the laws of war, pillage a non-combatant. It was furthermore in evidence that the judge had opposed secession, and had invoked government protection in regular form.

When the investigation was ended and the property restored, Ralph could not resist an impulse to revisit the scene of his first ordeal of battle—though his friends on the committee jokingly alleged a much tenderer motive. He had seen Miss Marion several times in the presence of the committee, but, for obvious reasons, he had refrained from any outside intimacy with his charming protégée. It was just such a May morning in 1869 as the never-to-be-forgotten day five years before, when, burdened with musket, knapsack, and the impedimenta of battle, he had marched up the blooming valley, that he landed from the little Norfolk steamer and took horse for Evenden. All signs of war were vanished. The little village was a picture of peace as he entered it, and he would never have recognized the scene of his first warrior exploit had he been set down in it unawares. The grand house of Judge Evenden was replaced by a more modest mansion; the hamlet of negro huts was now a blooming peach orchard.

The young advocate was received with cordiality and distinction. A beautiful matron, with two little boys, met him on the porch as he alighted. He recognized her at once as the terrified wife who had implored his aid that famous day. The hair was just turning gray, that had been brown and rippling when Ralph first saw it, but the face was fair and untouched by time. She did not recognize in this guest the hero of her husband's rescue from the burning tower. But as the advocate of her family's fortunes in Washington, Ralph was accorded a grateful, an almost affectionate welcome.

"My sister-in-law, Josie, has told us so much of you, Captain Volney, that we do not receive you in this house, which we owe to you, as a stranger. We shall be very proud and happy to make you as one of our own kin."

"Josie!" Ralph repeated, in surprise.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, laughing; "I forgot my sister is not called by her middle name, Josephine. It was her grandmother's name, and we have used it instead of her first name, Marion."

So at last he had found "Josie." He had long ago given up the sentimental hope of encountering the shadowy author of the Ovid epistle, and here, absorbed in a devotion to another, he had found that the woman he loved was "Josie." Evidently the "reconstructed" rebel of 1869 had come to regard a Yankee with less rancor than the school-girl rebel of 1864.

He did not reveal himself to Mrs. Evenden, but waited the coming of Marion, who had been visiting kinsfolk in Richmond. Ralph drove to the little post on the bay to meet her. The drive homeward was over the route his regiment had skirmished in his first campaign. As the carriage—the single relic of past grandeur remaining to the family—rolled briskly through the blooming landscape, Ralph recognized every landmark, where five years before he had advanced under fire through the fragrant fields. In a pause of the conversation he said, suddenly: "All this scene is as vivid to me as when I first saw it. By that spreading tree yonder one of my comrades fell dead."

"You have been here before?" Marion exclaimed, turning upon him in surprise.

"Yes; I was here when Evenden was captured. I was one of the detachment that took the town."

"Then perhaps you can tell us the name of the hero that risked his life for Colonel Evenden, my brother?"

"How was that?" Ralph asked, evasively.

"Oh, such a brave fellow!" she cried, in a glow. "He must have been badly burned, for the colonel was severely scorched, though his rescuer covered him with a rubber blanket, the remnants of which my brother cherishes to this day. We wrote to the Yankee head-quarters to find out the name of our hero, but never received a reply."

"How could you take such an interest in a Yankee?" Ralph asked, slyly.

"Yankee or not," retorted Marion, blushing charmingly, "I should like to see such a man. He must be noble, for my sister says he treated her as tenderly as if she had been his own kin. Oh, we rebels are not such spitfires as you imagine!" she added, as Ralph looked at her with mischievous drollery in his gray eyes.

"Still I have been told that a Yankee, even were he a Sidney in gentleness or a Bayard in bravery, could not win the heart of a rebel?" He watched her closely as he repeated the phrase, but she gave no evidence of recalling it; and as the carriage had by this time reached the porch, no more was said.

In the evening Ralph begged Marion to show him the famous buttonwood which had served the "hero" in his rescuing operations. There was a rustic seat at its base, and seated on this, Ralph asked his companion, "Did you ever read Ovid?"

"Very little. Ovid was a favorite volume with my school-mate, Martha Durett. She was always quoting it to me, and on a visit here, when the war broke out, she gave me her copy; but I never had a chance to read it. It was burnt in the fire when the Yankees came."

"Here is a copy I have had a number of years. Perhaps you might like to revive your memories of 'the art of love.'" He handed her the little volume, which she received with an exclamation.

"Why, this is the very copy Martha gave me. Yes, there is a torn fly-leaf. I tore it one day to send her a line in school. Where did you get this, sir?" and she fastened an imperious glance upon him.

He laughed. "I received it with this letter." And he opened the page where the famous note lay folded.

She recognized it with a start, and read it with blushes and confusion. "Where *did* you get it? Do tell me? I never heard anything so romantic. I must tell Ada."

"I captured it the day the house burned."

"You—you were here?" she cried. "Ah, then you do know the man that acted so gallantly? I know you do. Tell my sister. She has never ceased to want to know him."

"But he's a Yankee, and you know that even if he were a Sidney, you couldn't—"

"Don't be absurd. That was written when I was sixteen. I have more sense now. I—"

"Then you could endure a Yankee now?" he asked, wickedly.

She tossed her head defiantly. "I don't think you should complain on that score. Haven't we made you an idol in our family for months? Isn't the whole town at your feet as the savior of our home?"

"Oh, that is conventional gratitude! If the fellow that helped the Colonel should appear, you would all turn your backs on me."

"That's the difference between the Northern and Southern heart. *We* could find esteem enough for both. But tell me, how came you to keep this little book all these years? I do believe that you Yankees are as sentimental as Southerners, after all."

"I kept the book and the letter because I have always had a presentiment that I should meet 'Josie' some time, and I resolved to ask her to marry a Yankee. Do you suppose she would?"

Presently when sister Ada, with her small boy, came out on the lawn, "Josie" called out, "Oh, Ada! I've found him!"

"Found whom?"

"Your hero."

"My hero! What do you mean?"

"Let me present you. This audacious Yankee is the man that carried the Colonel from the tower when the house burned. What do you think he demands for his recompense?"

"Oh, Mr. Volney, is this true? Was it really you? How glad I am that—that our new friend turns out to be an old friend; that we can heap all our gratitude in one mass!"

"But wait, Ada, before you promise. He's a true Yankee, he's made a bargain. But I don't think he's got the best of the trade, so he's not the true Yankee. There! What do you think he asks?"

"Asks?" the bewildered lady stammered, looking helplessly from the arch "Josie" to the quite complacent Ralph.

"Yes. He demands a reward, and, in order to spare your feelings, I have promised to give it to him."

"Yes, Mrs. Evenden, Josie consents to take a Yankee for her husband, though he is far from a Bayard, and not much of a Sidney." And as he carried the maid's hand to his lips, Mrs. Evenden understood the joke.

HENRY F. KEENAN.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON.

WHEN Mr. Howells let the world into the confidences of *Their Wedding Journey*, Washington had not yet discovered its charm as a honey-moon shrine. When their wedding journey was made, the newly married found in the sylvan glades of Goat Island and along the banks of the Niagara that sequestration from the eye of the world which seems the fitting after-math of love's young dream. The bridal chamber holds no longer the chief place in Niagara hostels. Eleusis has set up its temples at the capital. Just why Washington was on a sudden selected as Hymen's rendezvous can only be guessed. Why the ordinary tourist should seek Washington, and delight in its urban beauties, any one who has ever been there knows without telling. But Darby and Joan, in the felicities of the honey-moon, cannot be supposed to have eyes for the beauties of the streets, the art of the monuments, or ears for the oratory that makes the Senate and House a place of interest for the student. Yet that there is a permanent attraction in the city on the Potomac for the "honey-mooners" the constant throngs of them attest.

Satire, like science, depends upon wider knowledge, as well as later developments, for the justness of its generalization. Travel may have been the 'fool's paradise" the satirist stigmatized when the caustic epigram was written. It would be hard to make the blissful pair pictured in the dome of the Capitol take this melancholy view of their honey-moon sojourn on the banks of the Potomac. What Niagara and Bath were in other days to the newly wed, Washington is now become. It is the single capital in the world that enjoys this piquant distinction, and the fact suggests reflection of a sort agreeably stimulating to our national complacency. Other great cities have arisen by decree, but with the exception of St. Petersburg, built on the bogs of the Neva, and Alexandria, recovered from the sands of the Nile, there are none of the vast metropoli that waked the world's wonder left to tell the tale of their purpose. Other cities have had their origin in needs of commerce, agriculture, defence; but Washington is alone, of all the cities of earth, the creation of art. A little less than a hundred years ago the "magnificent distances" that now fill the eye of the stranger with surprise and pleasure were covered by primeval forest. Where miles of palatial structures now recall the stateliness of the Rome that Augustus Cæsar left, the fowls of the air, serpents, and wild beasts enjoyed untroubled covert. It was not until 1796 that the tempest-tossed Congress of the Thirteen Colonies saw the first evidences of the Federal City that excited the mirth of the wits, the forebodings of the timid. The circumference of the city as it now spreads out under the great dome is greatly contracted from the imposing dimensions originally laid out by the engineer L'Enfant. Where the superb Patent-Office now stretches in marble majesty, the poetic Frenchman, inspired by recent events in Paris, had marked the site for a national tabernacle, where national events were to be religiously commemorated, where national obsequies were to be celebrated, and the dead honored by the country were to be buried and their monuments be perpetuated—a sort of Pantheon to the glories of the republic. Two columns of majestic proportions were to rise at specified distances from the Capitol, the one representing in bronze and granite the memorabilia of the seven years' war from Lexington to Yorktown, the other such prodigies by sea as in ten years had made our little navy a rival of Britain's. The streets running eastward from the Capitol were to be continuous arcades, like the sequestered alcoves of Bologna and Venice. Between the Capitol and the President's residence were to be Elysian fields, and palatial dwellings for the foreign ambassadors, and the public buildings. But even at that early day "rings" and "jobs" found their account. The indignant Frenchman, beset on all sides by venal legislators and self-seeking jobbers, threw up his commission in disdain, and the city as it stands was perfected by Andrew Ellicott. In 1792, five hundred dollars in gold were offered, without restriction as to calling, to the citizen who should send in the accepted design for the President's house! Five hundred dollars and a lot in the new city, or a gold medal, were offered for the best design for the Capitol. To a generation that has become familiar with the sums annually voted for post-offices and custom-houses in Plumville and Pumpkintown, our forefathers will seem thrifty indeed, embarking upon city building with a grant of $19,200 from the States of Virginia and Maryland. This was supplemented by a national lottery, for which 50,000 tickets were sold! Sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty were to draw prizes, the capital one being a hotel which was to cost $50,000! The price of a ticket was seven dollars, and the prizes ranged from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars! Nor need the student of current morals and manners, depressed by the laxity of our times, wholly despond, when he reflects that the lottery was made use of a hundred years ago not only in the building of our national Capitol. Churches, schools, colleges, even Harvard itself were indebted to the wheel for moneys to secure their usefulness! In 1796 the President's house and the Capitol were the only evidences of a city where the traveller now sees squares and monuments, edifices and gardens, that eclipse Paris and Vienna in beauty and taste. When the lottery failed, and the sums voted by Virginia and Maryland gave out, Washington was less of a city than the humblest suburb of Jersey City or Brooklyn. Three hundred thousand dollars were asked by the commissioners to go on with the work, and the country was distracted by such profligate outlay. The press of the time thundered against such wasteful extravagance. In 1800 the capital was a sore trial to men accustomed to the homely comforts of New England and New York. There was but one good tavern in the town. The members of Congress were herded together in a few mean tenements like soldiers in a barrack. Land was rated at twenty-five cents a square foot, the speculators holding for a rise! The residents were mostly negroes, or shiftless vagabonds, thrown out of regular industry by the visions of sudden city-making. Though the whole city was covered with wood, Mrs. Adams, the wife of the first President who took up his residence in Washington, could secure none for the grates of the White House. The house required thirty servants to keep it in order, and all the food had to be brought from Baltimore, Georgetown, or Alexandria. Gouverneur Morris, writing to the Princess de la Tour et Taxis, in December, 1800, says, sportively: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other trifles of this kind to make our city perfect; for we can walk here as in the fields and woods, and considering the hard frost, the air of the city is very pure. If, then, you are desirous of coming to live in Washington, I hasten to assure you that freestone is very abundant here; that excellent bricks can be burned; that there is no lack of sites for magnificent hotels; that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to the place. In short, that it is the very best city in the world for *future* residence."

Nothing was further from the writer's thought than a verification of this ironical prophecy in the space of a not abnormally long lifetime. For a quarter of a century the capital, so grandiose on paper, was the mock of foreign ministers and tourists. The gossip of other days gives us an amusing glimpse of the shifts our early statesmen and their families were put to in carrying out the modest functions thought requisite even for Jeffersonian simplicity. In 1812 the city, shabby as it was, invited the torch of the British. When the rebuilding began, experience was of value to the new founders, and while all of the old ambition for Greek beauty and modern spaciousness was not wholly rejected, the city arose more compact and habitable than before. Down, however, to 1861 Washington was far from lovely or inviting. The magnificent avenues, that now rival the boulevards of Paris and Vienna were wastes of red clay, with the Capitol and White House rising at either end, emphasizing the squalor of the streets, the wretchedness of the structures. But it was not until the war was nearly over that the Capitol and its wondrous dome became the creation of beauty they now present. The original structures in which the Houses sat were rather mean in appearance, the site alone giving them significance.

The ambitious patriots who printed the subjoined doggerel lines when the founding of the city was mooted, would have found them prophecies could they have foreseen the city of to-day:

"*To the United States in Congress assembled:*
The petition of the Federal City showeth:
That your Federal City must soon have a name,
And wishes to have one that may command fame.
To posterity let it be full handed down,
Superior to each paltry city or town;
And to please every son of a great and free people,
Pray let it be christened plain Washington-*ople*."

The New York Journal, which published these lines on the 10th of August, 1791, were it in existence to-day, would have no reason to complain of the handiwork of the commissioners who for years suffered the slings and arrows of public revilement for their inefficiency, jobbery, and malversation. Whether these much-harassed patriots builded wiser than they knew or not, the evidence is there in imperishable form that they founded a city, and adorned it with edifices, that compares not unfavorably with the older and more favored capitals of the world. Nor is it wholly without significance that the Capitol itself, built in penury and perfected in civil war, is ornamented by a dome that shares with St. Peter's, the Pantheon of the Cæsars, the handiwork of Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo, the critical admiration of the cultivated world. The great circle has a diameter of nearly 100 feet, and a height from the rim to the apex inside of 55 feet. It is 200 feet from the pavement of the floor to the vault of the ceiling. The exterior, seen for miles about, presents a peristyle of 195 feet within a fraction, supported by columns 27 feet in height. The top of the dome is 230 feet above the pavement. The lantern above this rises 52 feet, and is 17 feet in diameter. Above this, again, is a bronze statue of Liberty 18 feet high. It probably does not enter in the scheme of things taken account of by the honey-moon tourists that, as they gaze upon this colossal dome, they see a masterpiece of architecture that equals the most admired work of the kind, from Michael Angelo to Sir Christopher Wren.

A LONGSHOREMEN'S RETREAT.

PERHAPS the most picturesque phases of life in every great seaport town are to be found along its wharves. The along-shore population almost of necessity includes the more adventurous spirits. The horizon is more like nature's own than is afforded by any other of the municipal highways. There is a breath of freedom in the sea-breeze, and vessels inward and outward bound are constant reminders of those desolate, mysterious reaches of sea that man may traverse by courtesy of the elements, but may never subdue.

Probably the along-shore population thinks but little of all this when it takes its siesta under a dray at noon, or gathers in its favorite haunts after hours at night, but there is, nevertheless, a flavor of adventure about its every-day life that even the hard facts of toil and poverty cannot wholly eliminate. Many a sailor becomes a longshoreman, and a considerable proportion of the longshoremen have served their time on merchant vessels or in one or another of the world's navies.

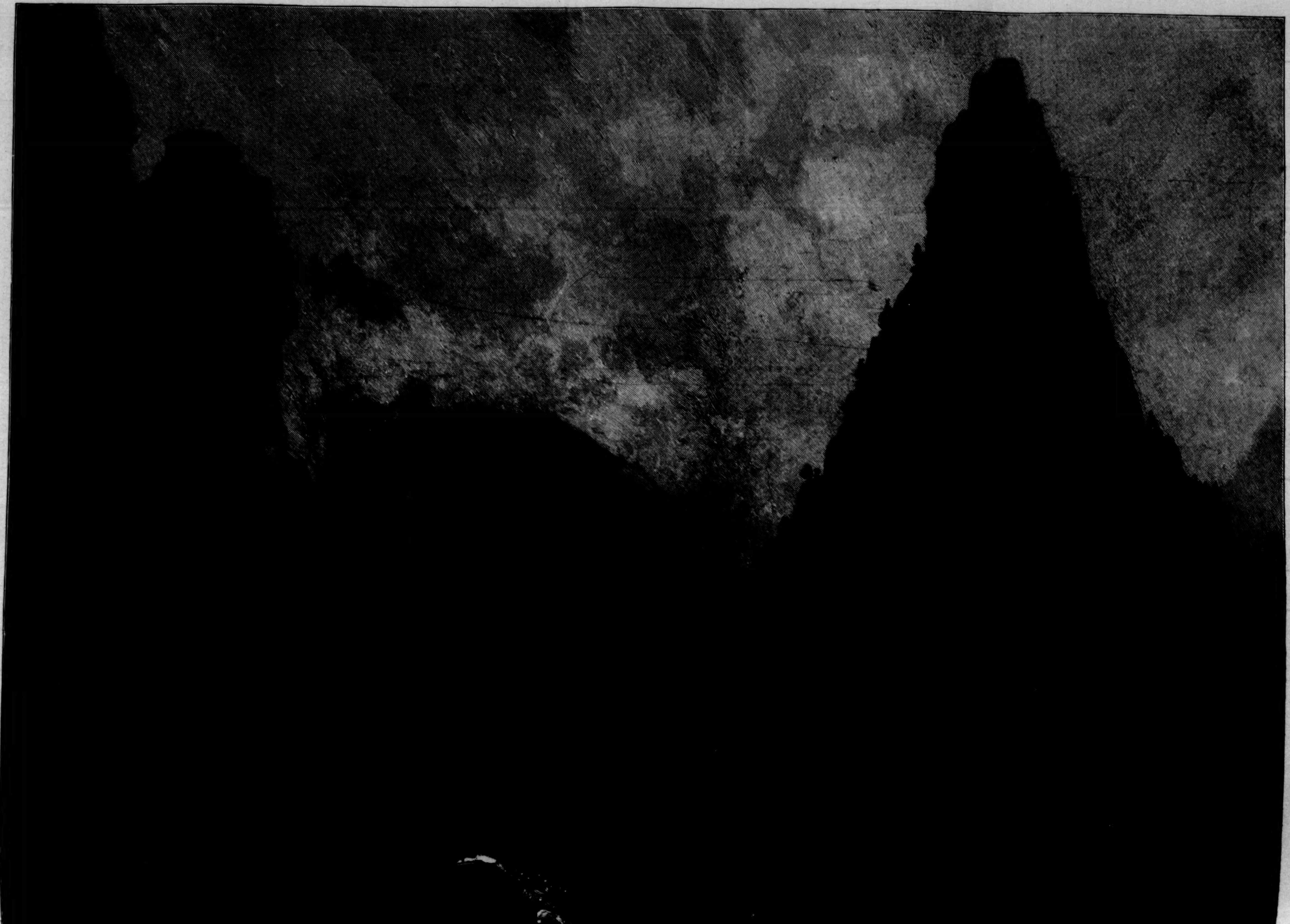
The talk over pipes and beer-mugs of an evening savors oftener of the forecastle than of solid land. Even with the best intentions, the census-taker may well find himself perplexed to arrive at accurate figures regarding the population that calls itself "along-shore."

The longshoremen proper have their societies and unions and other evidences of servitude, but so essentially fluctuating is their roll of membership that the longshoreman of to-day may be anything else to-morrow. There are stories current of gentlemen who have found themselves stranded, and have gained the wherewithal for a livelihood by investing in overalls and jumper, and doing duty for a while in handling cargo along the wharves. The wages are good considering the class of labor, for the working hours are necessarily uncertain and irregular. Half the day may be spent in idleness, and the other half in hardest work. Wages may sometimes go on while standing idle, the force being held in reserve against an expected emergency, but as a general thing the longshoreman is a soldier of fortune, standing about the most eligible piers reasonably certain that many hours cannot elapse before he will have a job of some sort.

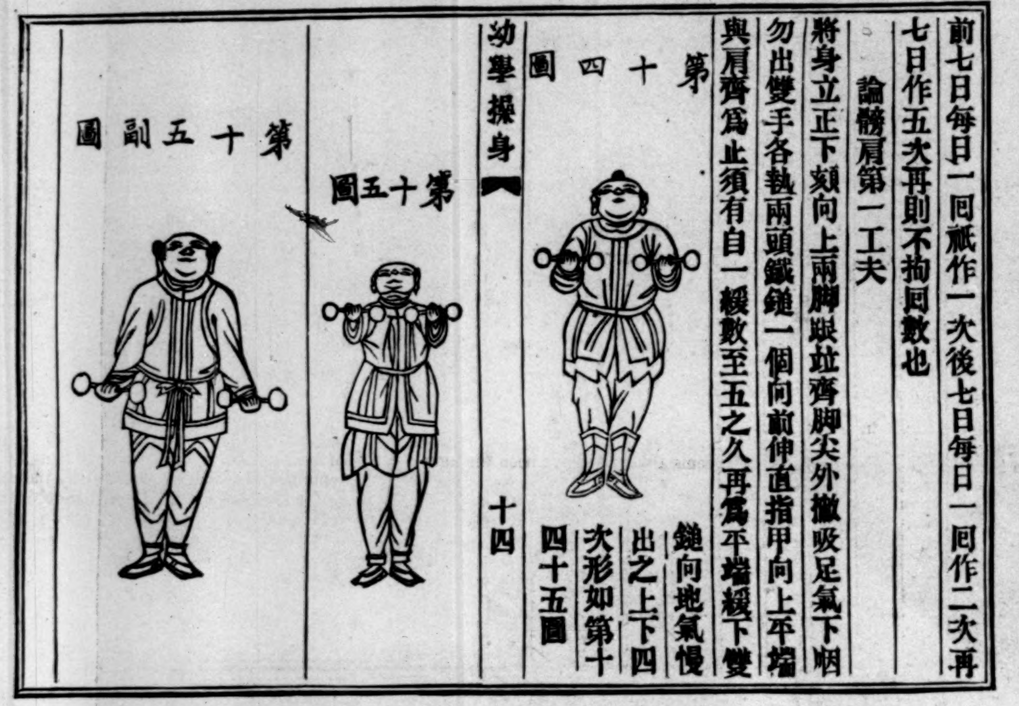
In the vicinity of South and West streets in New York, along Furman Street in Brooklyn, and the other streets bordering the water-front in the adjacent cities, are various recognized resorts of the along-shore fraternity. One of these our artist visited at the hour when it is most frequented by its patrons. Among the groups one may recognize widely different types of humanity. It were easy to select material for a romance from the rough characters that surround the base-burner stove and the plain tables that serve for refreshments, for dominoes, for checkers, or as anvils for argumentative fists. Among them may be gentlemen in reduced circumstances, fugitives from justice, sailormen just back from the world's end, city missionaries, and detectives. Who knows?

The water-side of every great seaport is a frontier as picturesque and untamed in many aspects as is the border-land of a new continent. Tide-water, even when cribbed in a strait-jacket of wharves, warehouses, and bulkheads, preserves an element of mystery and adventure that stirs the blood even under the starched and laundried armor of modern city life. Twice a day the ocean tides rush in from seaward, great silent waves of clear green water, that largely preserve their purity until they have filled the bay full, have pushed their irresistible way far into every nook and cranny of pier and sewer, diluting the street washings, and restoring to something like vigor the ocean growths that still cling to the masses of piles and masonry.

But with slack high-water and the first of the ebb comes a change. The forces of civilization have gained the ascendency; the sparkling salt-water of an hour before has lost its life, and sets sullenly down channel, laden with things unspeakable. But the largest of cities, even with the assistance of boards of aldermen and all the appliances of modern municipal science, can taint only an infinitesimal area of the great ocean reservoir. Within twelve hours another wave will wash away some part of the defilement; and a few thousand years hence—who shall say?—the clear sea may ebb and flow over whatever ruins remain to mark the site of the metropolis.



"BEHIND TIME."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 682.]



前七日每日一回祇作一次後七日每日一回作二次再七日作五次再則不拘回數也

論髆肩第一工夫

將身立正下頦向上兩脚跟竝齊脚尖外撇吸足氣下咽勿出雙手各執兩頭鐵鎚一個向前伸直指甲向上平端與肩齊爲止須有自一緩數至五之久再爲平端緩下雙鎚向地氣慢出之上下四次形如第十四十五圖

第十四圖

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十四

第十五圖

第十五副圖

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE CHINESE EDITION OF MR. BLAIKIE'S BOOK "SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR YOUNG CHINA.

MR. WILLIAM BLAIKIE's useful little work, *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*, will be familiar to most of our readers, and it will interest them to know that the many excellent hints as to physical training therein contained are now about to be introduced, in their own language, to the many-headed of China. We learn from recent exchanges that for some time past considerable attention has been directed to the lack of muscle among the *alumni* of the naval and military schools situated at Tien-Tsin, in the north of China, and that the all-powerful Viceroy, Li Hung Chang—the Bismarck of China, as he has been sometimes called—with a view to remedying this defect, has recently given orders for the erection of gymnasia in the schools under his jurisdiction, on the model of similar American and European institutions. It must therefore be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Blaikie to find that a selection has been made of his work to form the basis of the first text-book in Chinese on physical education from the Western stand-point. The book now before us, and a fac-simile page of which we produce in this issue, does not indeed claim to be a translation of Mr. Blaikie's work, but rather an adaptation of his fundamental ideas to Chinese needs. The book contains thirty-two illustrations in the Chinese style, all founded on the figures in Mr. Blaikie's manual, but clothed in Chinese "smallclothes," and surmounted by the head and pigtail of the imperturbable Ah Sin. Great efforts have been made to retain the position of the body and limbs as laid down by Mr. Blaikie, and if the effect, to a Western eye, is somewhat ludicrous, it is probably all the more in accordance with the strict canons of Chinese pictorial art. Each picture is accompanied by explanatory letter-press, setting forth in simple language the principal "points" of the exercise referred to—how it should be done, when it should be done, and why it should be done, with the particular benefits which will accrue to the different parts of the body by doing it. The opening sentences reproduce the gist of Mr. Blaikie's introductory remarks, and the key-note is struck by an insistence on the utility of keeping the chin well elevated throughout all exercises. Various short treatises are added as to the desirability of gymnastics generally, and the help afforded in disease of a few extra inches of lung room. Needless to say, all reference to calisthenic exercise for girls has had to be left out, since China is not yet ripe for the higher education of its womenkind, either mentally or physically. Indeed, even for men the theories advocated in this little text-book are somewhat of a new departure, the progress of which will be watched with some interest by Western observers. There is an excellent preface from the pen of H. E. Shêng Hsüan-huai, Taotai of Che-Foo and Director-General of Chinese Imperial Telegraphs, a man well known as an able administrator, and as one of the most progressive men in the empire. Taotai Shêng warmly recommends the work to the attention of his countrymen, and we may fairly expect that the prestige of his well-known name may lessen the inevitable opposition which new ideas must excite among the conservative sons of Han. The joint authors of this Chinese presentment of Mr. Blaikie's methods are Messrs. Paul H. King and Chai Ju-chou. Both these gentlemen are members of the Imperial Maritime Customs, a service which, under the far-reaching administration of the Inspector-General, Sir Robert Hart, has already done so much for the advancement of China along the road of Western progress. The title of the book in Chinese is *Yu hsiao ts'ao shên*, which, being interpreted, meaneth, *Youthful Lessons in Bodily Exercises*, and is published in Shang-Haï at twenty cents a copy. We wish all success to this little book, and trust that erelong the *mens sana in corpore sano* may be cultivated in Far Cathay as it is in Western lands.

"BEHIND TIME."

THREE hundred tons or more of iron and wood, freighted with as many human lives, darting on two narrow bands of steel through mountain gorge and forest, around rocky bluffs, and over brawling streams at the rate of forty or even sixty miles an hour! The mechanism and its management which with safety to all concerned can continually produce this phenomenon are truly marvellous achievements. A broken rail or flange, a tree or stone just fallen, a washed-out culvert or spot of road-bed unnoted, an error or act of forgetfulness on the part of train despatcher, telegraph operator, section man, or other trusted employé, may bring wreck and death and mangling. The double-page picture in this number of the WEEKLY, entitled "Behind Time," represents an impressive scene.

Could railway trains be run with absolute clock-like regularity and precision, the care and anxieties of the engine driver and train master would be greatly lessened; but perfection in that particular is yet far from attained. There are many causes of delay. Snow, rain, and wind increase the task to be overcome by the locomotive and retard its speed. Grades, hot boxes which must be given time to cool, waiting for other trains, obstructions, real or feared, on the track, all contribute to irregularity. On fast trains, where the full capacity of the engine is often required to do its work, the lack of skill or care on the part of the driver or fireman has its bad effect. Fuel must be wisely used, and even the injection of water into the boiler must be timed judiciously to produce the best results. The management keep records of the performances of the locomotives and their handlers, and some corporations pay premiums to those of the latter who make superior showings, as they also do to section bosses with reference to care of the track.

The occasional falling behind the schedule is apparently inevitable, and the incentive to make up the loss as soon as safely possible is very great. The reputation of the company is involved in it, as well as obviating the disturbance that is caused in the regular order of things with reference to other trains. Until the time is made up, the machinery of the system is thrown more or less out of gear, especially on single-track roads, on which the train itself may lose its right of way. The connections passengers desire to make, and their engagements, are also concerned, and their interests cannot be disregarded without loss of patronage. Recovering lost time is a much more difficult matter than ordinary running. The writer on railways in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* states that while a tractive force of ten pounds will pull a ton on a level at the rate of ten miles an hour, it will require a tractive force of forty-five pounds to pull the same at the rate of sixty miles an hour. An American authority avers that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and that it takes four times as much power to move a train at the rate of sixty miles an hour as it does at the rate of thirty. Without working out the reconciliation of these two propositions, if there be one, the general idea is clear enough.

It would be interesting to know if the danger increased as the square of the speed also. That it is augmented is not to be doubted. The strain in all respects is greater, and the very fact that the train is not in its proper place adds to the unfavorable chances. But the statistics show that the probability of disaster is exceedingly small. According to Whitaker the total number of railway passengers killed in the United Kingdom in 1888 was 1 in 6,942,336, or 72 in all (only 8 more than were killed in the same year by the horse-cars in New York city). The number of injured was 1 in 527,577. Statistics for the United States are imperfect, but the accidents in this country are unquestionably more numerous than they are in Great Britain. Mulhall, an English authority, taking our railway census figures for 1880, places our killed and injured for that year—passengers, employés, and all others included—at 41 per million, to 8 per million in the United Kingdom. There has been a marked improvement in the operation of railroads in the United States in the last ten years. As it is, a railway train is about the safest place a man can place himself in out-of-doors, unless it be in an ocean steamer.

The greater safety in England is due to better constructed lines. Double tracks, inaccessible to cattle, are practically universal there; no wagon roads or streets are crossed at a common grade, unless it be on a very few short branch lines, where gates are used; and the stations throughout the country are generally double—one on each side of the line—and no crossing of the tracks by passengers is permitted. Our best roads are approximating this condition of things, and the process promises to continue. A great advance has been made on both sides of the water in such safety appliances as block and interlocking signals, efficient brakes, etc. The vestibule now used on the best trains of many of our roads is a protection against "telescoping" and for persons passing from one car to another. An improvement is promised on this, in the shape of tubular iron or steel cars, which cannot be broken up by collision or other accident. The abolition of the stove is gradually proceeding. Heavier and better rails are laid than formerly. But our poorer and new roads are a long way behind the stronger and older ones in these particulars. The majority still have but one track, and wherein their construction is lacking in this respect and others human vigilance alone stands in place of the deficiency.

THE BATHING HOUR—ATLANTIC CITY.

EVEN the most loyal of Philadelphians is fain to admit, in moments of confidence, that his native city is uncommonly warm in summer. Therefore it is that he packs his "grip-sack" (a word, it is believed, of Philadelphian origin), crosses the Delaware to Camden, and is presently whirling southeastward across the flat lands of New Jersey toward the sea-coast, whither, mayhap, his womenkind have preceded him.

Atlantic City owes its existence to the proximity and summer temperature of Philadelphia, though its repute as a summer sanitarium is widely recognized, and some of its best hotels are kept open the year round. While, therefore, it counts its alien visitors by tens of thousands, those to the manner born are in a large majority, and the social atmosphere is distinctly Philadelphian. At this point the State of New Jersey is barely fifty-five miles wide, and the rails run almost as the crow flies, so that the trip from city to sea-coast is only wearisome in the dog-days because of the traveller's impatience. Sometimes one may catch a breath of salty air when not more than half-way across, and patches of white sea sand begin to appear among the pine barrens while the beach is still miles away. Whoever has neared the ocean after a summer of inland heat can understand the eagerness with which car windows are thrown open and welcome draughts of a cooler atmosphere are inhaled by the impatient passengers. Practically, Atlantic City extends for miles along the beach. The originally modest settlement, which antedated the direct railways by a few years, has spread out north and south till, to the eye of the passing mariner, an almost continuous line of cottages and hotels borders the beach on both sides of the lofty light-house, which, like the ocean itself, alone remains unchanged.

The life of a great watering-place largely revolves about the bathing hour, and that, with a delightfully regular irregularity, changes from day to day irrespective of the convenience of guests.

How few among visitors to the sea-side have the least comprehension of the majestic sweep of these great tidal waves! For them high tide means simply the time for the daily bath, and they look upon it as unreasonable on the part of the authorities that the "high-water signal" is not set at the same hour every day.

"It is so inconvenient, don't you see, not to know just when to dress, or when to stop dressing. I wish you would have the bathing hour at eleven every morning," complains Miss Flora McFlimsy to the hotel clerk.

"Yes, miss," responds that official, politely. Long experience has taught him that explanations and excuses are of no avail.

But the tides go on all the same with their ebb and flow regularities, and the conscientious bathing master sets his colors accordingly. Now and then some obstinate visitor insists upon bathing at a fixed hour, but is very apt to discover before long that the water for various reasons is not so attractive then as when "the brimming sea tends shoreward with its surges."

Seafaring folk have a saying, "the tide has turned flood," when they wish to intimate that the "cap'n" is recovering his usual good-humor after a turn of unwonted gruffness; and, indeed, it seems sometimes as though the air were fresher, the water "wetter," when the tide is rising than when it is falling. There are traditions of certain persons, possessed presumably of exceedingly delicate nervous organisms, who, when they are at the sea-side, are animated tide tables *in propriâ personâ*. They experience a delightful exaltation of spirits when the tide is running flood, and a corresponding depression, with a dull headache, when it turns ebb. Robust individuals of coarser fibre may sneer at such supersensitiveness, but there is nevertheless, for one reason or another, an evident accession of life all along shore when the sea, after sullenly retreating for a few hours, resumes its attack upon the shore. Each succeeding group of three or four rollers breaks higher on the beach than did its predecessors. The little sand-pipers are more active and hopeful in their search for food, the sea-bird's scream is wilder, marine monsters are fiercer in their pursuit of small fry, and the small fry in turn are more active in making good their escape. The sea is more aggressive, and all its inhabitants seem more instinct with life and action. Why should not this accession of vital energy affect the shore-going portion of the animal kingdom as well?

And so it does. Insensibly perhaps the summer sojourners, led, of course, by the "summer girl" in all her glory, swarm out to meet the rising tide. As it nears high-water mark bathing costumes of every shade and of every pattern, or no pattern at all, make their appearance along the sands. The wide beach is covered with a crowd outnumbering the numerous bathers, and making, with bright parasols, variegated flannels, and brilliant costumes, an ever-changing panorama, backed by gray sand and framed by sparkling breakers.

That quiet, Quaker-like Philadelphia should be responsible for such a scene as this is an anomaly that might well cause good William Penn to rest uneasily in his quiet grave. But it is the last decade of the nineteenth century, and Atlantic City cannot afford to be distanced by her rivals farther up the beach.

REFORM IN ARMY UNIFORMS.

OUTSIDE of the Quartermaster-General's office there are few officers or men of the United States army who do not desire a radical change in their uniforms. In nearly every State which has adopted a uniform for its militia, the regular army dress has been modified in important particulars. Still the influence of the regular service is so strong that, in view of the ills that ought to be remedied, the reforms have been of a timid and conservative character. The most serious difficulties of the army, however, do not affect the militiamen, in whose life military duties are merely incidental.

The suggestions that are made in Mr. Remington's sketches are certainly revolutionary. They are also original, striking, and decidedly interesting. So far as the service dress is concerned, they are backed by very strong and sound reasons. Aside from all prejudice, they must command the respectful consideration of thoughtful men who are familiar with the life and needs of the soldier on the frontier and at our military posts. In the first place, Mr. Remington knows his subject. He has lived with troops, has marched with them, and has been with them in action. He has had that experience which gives his pencil authority, for he knows what is most comfortable and least burdensome to horse and man on our wearying plains, and most effective in the kind of fighting that is demanded of our army. Therefore what he advises ought to be seriously considered, and it will not do for those who are responsible for the present uniform to dismiss these important suggestions by saying that they are impracticable, when most of the articles of apparel are already worn on the plains; nor to assert that they will make the troops look like cow-boys and Indians, when cow-boys and Indians are almost the only people whom they meet when they are on active service.

The Quartermaster-General's office is undoubtedly exceedingly conscientious and careful. The officers of that department of the army are intelligent men. They do their duty by the government with an integrity so far above the standard of civilian bureaus that it is almost hopeless to appeal to the latter to emulate the admirable example. They have a very important and large range of duties. Determining the fashion of the dress of the soldier is not one of the least important of the details of their work, but it is one of very many. The quartermasters have to buy all that goes to clothing and housing the army; to build quarters for the officers and barracks for the men; to provide transportation; to buy the cloth and make the clothes. And these duties are attended to with much ability and with singular fidelity. What defects there may be in the administration of the office is largely due to the fact that quartermasters of the staff do not serve with the troops, and cannot be so conversant as they ought to be with the needs of the service. Therefore quarters and barracks at a certain post may not be what the climate demands, and the dress of a cavalryman in the cold Northwest may be entirely inadequate to his work and exposure; but this opens up the whole question concerning staff organization, the discussion of which would be out of place in this article. It is enough to say that the Quartermaster-General and his assistants should approach the question of uniform in a receptive frame of mind, conscious of the fact that every officer and man who wears the present uniform is uncomfortable whenever he is under the necessity of doing work that demands the free, unhindered play of every muscle of his body.

Grumbling at his uniform is an old story with the United States soldier, but it must be borne in mind that he has never worn anything to be proud of. The soldier, quite as much as any of his fellow-citizens, likes to be well dressed, and he resents being compelled to look like a guy. He has rarely, however, been clothed in the splendor which captivates the eye of the civilian and fills with pride the bosom of the enlisted man. It used to be said of the Fourth Hussars of the British army that when any one of them was ordered to carry an official message he used invariably to ride down a certain street which was blessed with an enormous plate-glass window in a shop front, in order that he might behold his own image in all its glory. I venture to say that no soldier of the United States army ever felt called upon to go out of his way for the purpose of catching the reflection of his splendid trappings. The only man who could possibly feel inclined for that display of vanity in our present army would be the cavalryman, and after he had regarded his yellow plume and worsted cord, all that would be left to him would be a backward glance at the yellow splotches on the useless short skirts of his coat, tunic, coatee, or whatsoever other name that garment is officially designated by; while as to the service dress, the men who wear it in a campaign are compelled, in order to be comfortable, to make their own irregular modifications of it.

The uniform of the United States army has been already treated in these columns with the respect due to history. Those who read the article and looked at the pictures by which it was illustrated know that, with some exceptions, its ugliness and inadequacy are coeval with its existence.

In the colonial days the militia wore the dress that they had inherited from England. Three at least of those costumes have survived to the present day. One is that worn by the City Troop of Philadelphia. Modifications, it is true, have been made in the hat from time to time, but they have been in detail of form, and not at all in character. The uniform was and is one of the handsomest that was ever worn by a soldier. There is a company in Hartford which still wears scarlet coats and the hat of the last century, which call to mind the British Grenadiers and the soldiers of Frederick the Great. In Richmond, Virginia, there is a company that wears an abominable hat invented in the time of the Stuarts, and possessing only the merit of being historical.

In the war of the Revolution, uniforms for the troops were out of the question. It was simply impossible to procure the cloth from which to make them, or the money to pay for them. The difficulties in the way of Washington and the Continental Congress in this respect have already been fully explained. As for Washington, he adopted a simple uniform of blue and buff for general officers, which may have been suggested, as has been intimated by a high authority, by the colors of the Whigs and the Scotch Covenanters, but which were more likely inspired by the uniform of the Blues, in which Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was an officer. It was a plain, pleasing uniform, not brilliant, but eminently fitting to the wearer and the cause of which he was the leader. It was late in the war when an enlisted man's uniform was buff and blue, and then only on paper. The only clothes that were obtainable were the very best for actual service. As early as the French and Indian war, Washington, as the commanding officer of the Virginia militia, urged Governor Dinwiddie to provide the troops with the simple and useful dress of the hunter; and afterward, in the Revolution, he urged that as many as could should procure this comfortable dress—which, as it was the costume of the riflemen, struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

This dress has been made familiar by the illustrations in school histories and in more pretentious books. Its relation to the standard military uniform of the period was what Mr. Remington's proposed service dress is to the uniforms of the day. In that early time there was little difference between dress and undress. The regular British soldier marched weary days with his close-buttoned coat, his heavy bear-skin hat, his tight breeches. He charged bayonets and sabred artillerymen while his high collar cut his ears. When he was not actually on duty walking his post or fighting his enemy, he was pipe-claying his belts, rearranging his pig-skin, or greasing and powdering his long hair. It had never occurred to the military tailors of the last century that when a soldier was at work on post or in the field his dress should be adapted to the exertions he was compelled to put forth. That idea is even now in the age of infancy. It has not firmly fixed itself in the minds of those whose right and privilege it is to determine the manner in which the army shall be clad.

The riflemen of the last century wore loose-fitting tunics or jackets made of homespun. While the rest of mankind were wearing breeches, they wore trousers. They were, indeed, the first to introduce that useful garment; but the trousers did not closely resemble those of our own time. Instead of being tight above the knee, they gave free play of the muscles of the leg, and were gathered close at the ankle by buttons, so that they were not like the awkward, flapping, catch-all impediments of to-day. These clothes were ornamented with furbelows or ravellings of the material of which they were made, a fashion that has been always popular with frontier Americans. The American rifleman wore the dress that was, in its time, the best possible service uniform. It was an ample protection from the weather, for it might be of cotton in summer and of wool in winter. It was not burdensome. It permitted the unobstructed use of all the wearer's powers. It did not distract him by petty annoyances. The shoes were closed and guarded by the buttoned bottoms of the trousers, so that during a long march dust and gravel did not intrude to the wounding of the feet and the laming of the men. The hat was a soft wide-brimmed felt, not pressing too much on the head, and shading the eyes.

The accoutrement of the rifleman consisted of what was useful to him. Of all the soldiers of his time, he alone wore a body belt. Into this belt he stuck a hunting knife, with which he cut his fuel, his food, or his pathway through the forests. His weapon was better than that issued to the troops opposed to him, and the British soldier with his Brown Bess feared the Yankee rifle. Finally, his cartridge-box and canteen were carried from his shoulders. This was a virtue of the period, however, for a hundred years ago no soldiers carried weight on their waists.

It is probable that the absence of uniforms greatly assisted the American army in its struggles with the well-clad enemy. The dress of the period was certainly not calculated to aid action. It is almost impossible to imagine anything that could make a fighting man more ineffective than the heavy hats, the full, long-skirted coats, the skin-tight breeches, and the leather stocks with which custom clothed the British soldier. Most of the muscles of the body were cased in, and were directed to preserving the rod-like stiffness which was prescribed by the drill-master. It is easy to understand how, other things being equal, men whose clothes permitted them to be active and agile could easily overcome the buckram men, who had to shoot over leather stocks.

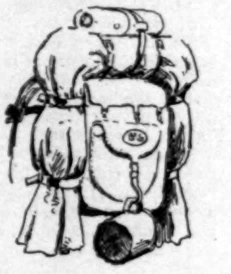
It was a long time, however, before military authorities learned that uniforms designed for the display and pageantry of parade are not adapted to active work in the field. The United States followed, generally, the French fashions in uniforms, but for many years there was only one dress for the soldier. On parade, in camp, and in battle, he struggled with the same kind of clothes. His collar came to the tip of his ear; his neck was stiffened with leather; his movements were impeded by the tightest of tight breeches and trousers; on his head he wore, at one time, a heavy round leather cap, graced with a buck's tail, and strapped under his chin; at another time, a citizen's tall hat with a coachman's cockade; and at still another, a leather shako with pompon and brass chains, hot and heavy enough to give a headache to a whole army.

In the war of 1812 we had forgotten the value of the hunting dress, and the men who fought on both sides, unless they threw away their coats and hats, must have been as comfortless and as hampered by their clothes as are young working-men in their Sunday suits. The full-dress uniform of the Seventh New York Regiment is substantially that of the United States army that fought at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, except that the shako of to-day is of felt, and is about half as large and heavy as that of eighty years ago. Fancy the Seventh in full dress in a fight, and you can realize what an American regular in full uniform looked like when he was contending with the equally stiff British regulars in Canada.

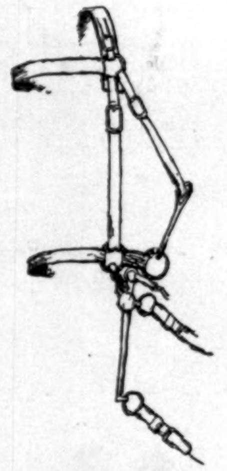
In the Mexican war the fatigue jacket was first adopted, and the stiff leather hat gave way to a soft cloth cap, of the form commonly known as the "pancake." This, after Wilkinson's order requiring the hair to be cut, was the first sign of recognition of the fact that our military authorities realized that comfort should be considered in uniforms.

At about the time of the breaking out of the civil war jackets were again issued to mounted troops, but their high collars made them uncomfortable, and there was too much conservatism in the Quartermaster-General's Department to permit a radical change. The head-pieces worn from 1861 to 1865 were almost barbarous. The felt hats were too heavy, and the high caps, which resembled accordions more than anything else, were absurd. The shoes were unfit for marching, and so were the trousers, generally too long, and always flopping awkwardly about the ankles. The adoption of the blouse, ill-fitting and untidy as it was, was a movement in the right direction. Bad as the uniform was, the fact that the war was fought in it made it sacred to both soldiers and civilians, and inspired one distinguished commander of the army in after-years to refuse to listen to any suggestions of change.

So far as the dress uniform is concerned, it seems always to have been the ugliest costume in the world, and it has rarely been uglier, and, comparatively, never so ugly as it is to-day. The helmet is not the Prussian helmet; it is, on the contrary, an awkward imitation of it. The trousers are too tight at the top and too loose at the bottom. Some company tailors, indeed, seem to take pride in dressing their men as if they were sailors, and were obliged to wear trousers that they might roll up above the knee when they holystoned the deck. The little skirts of the mounted men are ridiculous, and the facings are not handsome. There is little that is beautiful in the appearance of a body of our army on parade. The yellow trimmings of the cavalry make some glitter, and in the long and sombre line of regulars and Pennsylvania militia clad in regular army uniforms at the last three inaugural processions it was pleasant to catch a glimpse of the yellow linings of the capes, which the men buttoned back with the desire of looking as well as they might. There is nothing uglier, perhaps there is nothing cheaper, than the very light blue which used to be worn for trousers. It is known as sky-blue, and is happily being replaced by Saxony blue, which is of a slightly darker shade.

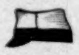


KNAPSACK—NO HAVERSACK.



COMBINATION HALTER-BRIDLE.

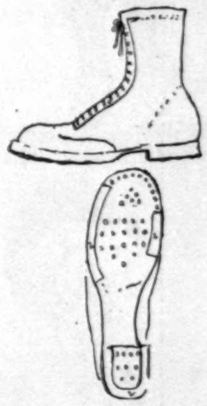
So far as suggestions for dress uniform are concerned, Mr. Remington has contented himself with pointing out how easily they might be improved. The cavalryman's and light artilleryman's helmets are certainly vast improvements on the head-piece of to-day, and are also suggestive of the helmet that was worn by our own dragoons in 1812. At that time, however, the horse troops wore long-skirted coats, a fashion which every man who ever mounted a horse will reprobate. So Mr. Remington has very sensibly cut off these useless and bothersome appendages, and leaves the man a rather long and well-fitting jacket, with shoulder pieces that do not burden him, but are ornamental. His breeches should be of white or buff. (Fig. 3.) The light artilleryman's helmet is more suggestive of iron and blood, and his broad hanger is a much more useful and convenient weapon than the scimitar-like sabre that this arm of the service is compelled to wear under the present regulations. (Fig. 2.) As for the infantryman in full dress (Fig. 1), he is as he is seen. The shape of his helmet is greatly improved. There are alternative suggestions for the cap. The Germans have imposed the helmet upon the armies of the world, but it would be difficult to explain the reason of their success, except upon the irrational theory that in some mysterious way it enabled the Germans to beat the French. The cloth caps of the French, Italians, and Austrians are very much handsomer. The Italian cap is shown in the sketch. The cross-belts are restored too, and the man carries a cartridge-box which will be sufficient for the ammunition that he will need on occasions of ceremony. His bayonet is a trowel. His trousers are loose, and are gathered into short leather spatterdashes, after the fashion which has been adopted by nearly every well-equipped army in the world, and even by some of our own militia.



IMPROVED CAP.

It will be noticed that the chevrons are reversed, and that they point upward. This is as it should be. The West Point cadets wear them properly. They were so originally, and they look better so.

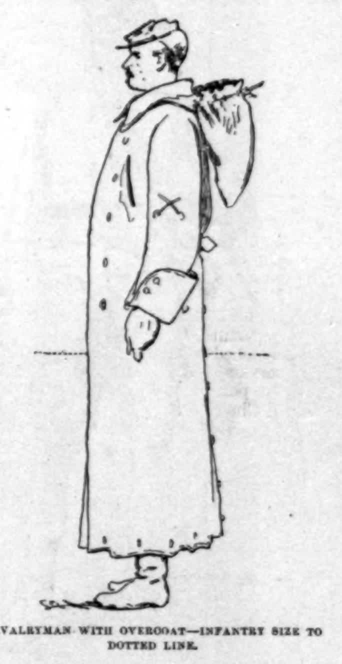
The important part of Mr. Remington's suggestions, however, concerns the service uniform. It is unnecessary to add to what has been already said about the inadequacy of the present fatigue dress. With some modifications that are sufficiently indicated in the sketches of full dress, it should be retained for post duty, for the service dress is to be worn only on active campaigning and field service. In the first place it should be observed that the Quartermaster-General's office very slightly recognizes the important fact that the differences of climate in this country are enormous. Troops stationed in the heat of Arizona ought to be more lightly clad than the troops in the cold Northwest.



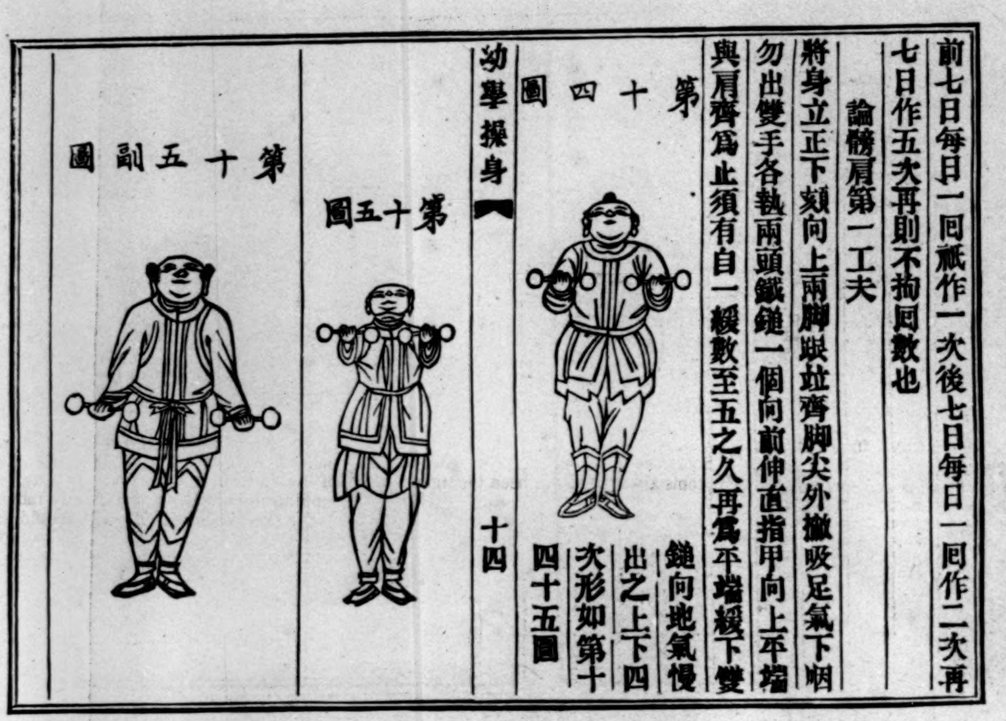
PROPOSED SHOE.

Figs. 5 and 6 are cavalrymen. Fig. 5's dress may be of canvas or wool, according to the climate or season. Canvas clothes are already issued to the men for labor dress. In considering the costumes shown in Fig. 5, it should be borne in mind that some of its details are already adopted. For example, the sensible soft hat is now issued, and the men provide themselves with ornamented and fringed gauntlets, and with kerchiefs for the neck. They also insist on wearing their revolvers after the manner represented—a manner that is adopted by every one who may be suddenly called upon to draw his weapon. The jacket may be buttoned or may fly open. The riding breeches are made in the style agreed upon by all people who ride as that best adapted for the saddle. They bulge like a hunting man's, but are strapped tight at the knees. The cavalryman's spatterdashes are long leggings. He carries his piece and his load on his back, and he does not wear his sabre—it is fastened to his saddle. In such a dress a man on horseback must be at his best.

In Fig. 6 we have a cavalryman dressed for a winter campaign in the Northwest. His fur or wool cap will come down over his ears. His sheepskin or buffalo tunic does not interfere with his equitation. His breeches are such as are already worn on the plains. The sheep's wool remains in the front, and



CAVALRYMAN WITH OVERCOAT—INFANTRY SIZE TO DOTTED LINE.



前七日每日一回祇作一次後七日每日一回作二次再七日作五次再則不拘回數也

論髆肩第一工夫

將身立正下頦向上兩脚跟竝齊脚尖外撇吸足氣下咽勿出雙手各執兩頭鐵鎚一個向前伸直指甲向上平端與肩齊爲止須有自一緩數至五之久再爲平端緩下雙鎚向地氣慢出之上下四次形如第十四十五圖

第十四圖

幼學操身

十四

第十五圖

第十五副圖

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE CHINESE EDITION OF MR. BLAIKIE'S BOOK "SOUND BODIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR YOUNG CHINA.

MR. WILLIAM BLAIKIE'S useful little work, *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*, will be familiar to most of our readers, and it will interest them to know that the many excellent hints as to physical training therein contained are now about to be introduced, in their own language, to the many-headed of China. We learn from recent exchanges that for some time past considerable attention has been directed to the lack of muscle among the *alumni* of the naval and military schools situated at Tien-Tsin, in the north of China, and that the all-powerful Viceroy, Li Hung Chang—the Bismarck of China, as he has been sometimes called—with a view to remedying this defect, has recently given orders for the erection of gymnasia in the schools under his jurisdiction, on the model of similar American and European institutions. It must therefore be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Blaikie to find that a selection has been made of his work to form the basis of the first text-book in Chinese on physical education from the Western stand-point. The book now before us, and a fac-simile page of which we produce in this issue, does not indeed claim to be a translation of Mr. Blaikie's work, but rather an adaptation of his fundamental ideas to Chinese needs. The book contains thirty-two illustrations in the Chinese style, all founded on the figures in Mr. Blaikie's manual, but clothed in Chinese "smallclothes," and surmounted by the head and pigtail of the imperturbable Ah Sin. Great efforts have been made to retain the position of the body and limbs as laid down by Mr. Blaikie, and if the effect, to a Western eye, is somewhat ludicrous, it is probably all the more in accordance with the strict canons of Chinese pictorial art. Each picture is accompanied by explanatory letter-press, setting forth in simple language the principal "points" of the exercise referred to—how it should be done, when it should be done, and why it should be done, with the particular benefits which will accrue to the different parts of the body by doing it. The opening sentences reproduce the gist of Mr. Blaikie's introductory remarks, and the key-note is struck by an insistence on the utility of keeping the chin well elevated throughout all exercises. Various short treatises are added as to the desirability of gymnastics generally, and the help afforded in disease of a few extra inches of lung room. Needless to say, all reference to calisthenic exercise for girls has had to be left out, since China is not yet ripe for the higher education of its womenkind, either mentally or physically. Indeed, even for men the theories advocated in this little text-book are somewhat of a new departure, the progress of which will be watched with some interest by Western observers. There is an excellent preface from the pen of H. E. Shêng Hsüan-huai, Taotai of Che-Foo and Director-General of Chinese Imperial Telegraphs, a man well known as an able administrator, and as one of the most progressive men in the empire. Taotai Shêng warmly recommends the work to the attention of his countrymen, and we may fairly expect that the prestige of his well-known name may lessen the inevitable opposition which new ideas must excite among the conservative sons of Han. The joint authors of this Chinese presentment of Mr. Blaikie's methods are Messrs. Paul H. King and Chai Ju-chou. Both these gentlemen are members of the Imperial Maritime Customs, a service which, under the far-reaching administration of the Inspector-General, Sir Robert Hart, has already done so much for the advancement of China along the road of Western progress. The title of the book in Chinese is *Yu hsiao ts'ao shên*, which, being interpreted, meaneth, *Youthful Lessons in Bodily Exercises*, and is published in Shang-Haï at twenty cents a copy. We wish all success to this little book, and trust that ere-long the *mens sana in corpore sano* may be cultivated in Far Cathay as it is in Western lands.

"BEHIND TIME."

THREE hundred tons or more of iron and wood, freighted with as many human lives, darting on two narrow bands of steel through mountain gorge and forest, around rocky bluffs, and over brawling streams at the rate of forty or even sixty miles an hour! The mechanism and its management which with safety to all concerned can continually produce this phenomenon are truly marvellous achievements. A broken rail or flange, a tree or stone just fallen, a washed-out culvert or spot of road-bed unnoted, an error or act of forgetfulness on the part of train despatcher, telegraph operator, section man, or other trusted employé, may bring wreck and death and mangling. The double-page picture in this number of the WEEKLY, entitled "Behind Time," represents an impressive scene.

Could railway trains be run with absolute clock-like regularity and precision, the care and anxieties of the engine driver and train master would be greatly lessened; but perfection in that particular is yet far from attained. There are many causes of delay. Snow, rain, and wind increase the task to be overcome by the locomotive and retard its speed. Grades, hot boxes which must be given time to cool, waiting for other trains, obstructions, real or feared, on the track, all contribute to irregularity. On fast trains, where the full capacity of the engine is often required to do its work, the lack of skill or care on the part of the driver or fireman has its bad effect. Fuel must be wisely used, and even the injection of water into the boiler must be timed judiciously to produce the best results. The management keep records of the performances of the locomotives and their handlers, and some corporations pay premiums to those of the latter who make superior showings, as they also do to section bosses with reference to care of the track.

The occasional falling behind the schedule is apparently inevitable, and the incentive to make up the loss as soon as safely possible is very great. The reputation of the company is involved in it, as well as obviating the disturbance that is caused in the regular order of things with reference to other trains. Until the time is made up, the machinery of the system is thrown more or less out of gear, especially on single-track roads, on which the train itself may lose its right of way. The connections passengers desire to make, and their engagements, are also concerned, and their interests cannot be disregarded without loss of patronage. Recovering lost time is a much more difficult matter than ordinary running. The writer on railways in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* states that while a tractive force of ten pounds will pull a ton on a level at the rate of ten miles an hour, it will require a tractive force of forty-five pounds to pull the same at the rate of sixty miles an hour. An American authority avers that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and that it takes four times as much power to move a train at the rate of sixty miles an hour as it does at the rate of thirty. Without working out the reconciliation of these two propositions, if there be one, the general idea is clear enough.

It would be interesting to know if the danger increased as the square of the speed also. That it is augmented is not to be doubted. The strain in all respects is greater, and the very fact that the train is not in its proper place adds to the unfavorable chances. But the statistics show that the probability of disaster is exceedingly small. According to Whitaker the total number of railway passengers killed in the United Kingdom in 1888 was 1 in 6,942,336, or 72 in all (only 8 more than were killed in the same year by the horse-cars in New York city). The number of injured was 1 in 527,577. Statistics for the United States are imperfect, but the accidents in this country are unquestionably more numerous than they are in Great Britain. Mulhall, an English authority, taking our railway census figures for 1880, places our killed and injured for that year—passengers, employés, and all others included—at 41 per million, to 8 per million in the United Kingdom. There has been a marked improvement in the operation of railroads in the United States in the last ten years. As it is, a railway train is about the safest place a man can place himself in out-of-doors, unless it be in an ocean steamer.

The greater safety in England is due to better constructed lines. Double tracks, inaccessible to cattle, are practically universal there; no wagon roads or streets are crossed at a common grade, unless it be on a very few short branch lines, where gates are used; and the stations throughout the country are generally double—one on each side of the line—and no crossing of the tracks by passengers is permitted. Our best roads are approximating this condition of things, and the process promises to continue. A great advance has been made on both sides of the water in such safety appliances as block and interlocking signals, efficient brakes, etc. The vestibule now used on the best trains of many of our roads is a protection against "telescoping" and for persons passing from one car to another. An improvement is promised on this, in the shape of tubular iron or steel cars, which cannot be broken up by collision or other accident. The abolition of the stove is gradually proceeding. Heavier and better rails are laid than formerly. But our poorer and new roads are a long way behind the stronger and older ones in these particulars. The majority still have but one track, and wherein their construction is lacking in this respect and others human vigilance alone stands in place of the deficiency.

THE BATHING HOUR—ATLANTIC CITY.

EVEN the most loyal of Philadelphians is fain to admit, in moments of confidence, that his native city is uncommonly warm in summer. Therefore it is that he packs his "grip-sack" (a word, it is believed, of Philadelphian origin), crosses the Delaware to Camden, and is presently whirling southeastward across the flat lands of New Jersey toward the sea-coast, whither, mayhap, his womenkind have preceded him.

Atlantic City owes its existence to the proximity and summer temperature of Philadelphia, though its repute as a summer sanitarium is widely recognized, and some of its best hotels are kept open the year round. While, therefore, it counts its alien visitors by tens of thousands, those to the manner born are in a large majority, and the social atmosphere is distinctly Philadelphian. At this point the State of New Jersey is barely fifty-five miles wide, and the rails run almost as the crow flies, so that the trip from city to sea-coast is only wearisome in the dog-days because of the traveller's impatience. Sometimes one may catch a breath of salty air when not more than half-way across, and patches of white sea sand begin to appear among the pine barrens while the beach is still miles away. Whoever has neared the ocean after a summer of inland heat can understand the eagerness with which car windows are thrown open and welcome draughts of a cooler atmosphere are inhaled by the impatient passengers. Practically, Atlantic City extends for miles along the beach. The originally modest settlement, which antedated the direct railways by a few years, has spread out north and south till, to the eye of the passing mariner, an almost continuous line of cottages and hotels borders the beach on both sides of the lofty light-house, which, like the ocean itself, alone remains unchanged.

The life of a great watering-place largely revolves about the bathing hour, and that, with a delightfully regular irregularity, changes from day to day irrespective of the convenience of guests.

How few among visitors to the sea-side have the least comprehension of the majestic sweep of these great tidal waves! For them high tide means simply the time for the daily bath, and they look upon it as unreasonable on the part of the authorities that the "high-water signal" is not set at the same hour every day.

"It is so inconvenient, don't you see, not to know just when to dress, or when to stop dressing. I wish you would have the bathing hour at eleven every morning," complains Miss Flora McFlimsy to the hotel clerk.

"Yes, miss," responds that official, politely. Long experience has taught him that explanations and excuses are of no avail.

But the tides go on all the same with their ebb and flow regularities, and the conscientious bathing master sets his colors accordingly. Now and then some obstinate visitor insists upon bathing at a fixed hour, but is very apt to discover before long that the water for various reasons is not so attractive then as when "the brimming sea tends shoreward with its surges."

Seafaring folk have a saying, "the tide has turned flood," when they wish to intimate that the "cap'n" is recovering his usual good-humor after a turn of unwonted gruffness; and, indeed, it seems sometimes as though the air were fresher, the water "wetter," when the tide is rising than when it is falling. There are traditions of certain persons, possessed presumably of exceedingly delicate nervous organisms, who, when they are at the sea-side, are animated tide tables *in propriâ personâ*. They experience a delightful exaltation of spirits when the tide is running flood, and a corresponding depression, with a dull headache, when it turns ebb. Robust individuals of coarser fibre may sneer at such supersensitiveness, but there is nevertheless, for one reason or another, an evident accession of life all along shore when the sea, after sullenly retreating for a few hours, resumes its attack upon the shore. Each succeeding group of three or four rollers breaks higher on the beach than did its predecessors. The little sand-pipers are more active and hopeful in their search for food, the sea-bird's scream is wilder, marine monsters are fiercer in their pursuit of small fry, and the small fry in turn are more active in making good their escape. The sea is more aggressive, and all its inhabitants seem more instinct with life and action. Why should not this accession of vital energy affect the shore-going portion of the animal kingdom as well?

And so it does. Insensibly perhaps the summer sojourners, led, of course, by the "summer girl" in all her glory, swarm out to meet the rising tide. As it nears high-water mark bathing costumes of every shade and of every pattern, or no pattern at all, make their appearance along the sands. The wide beach is covered with a crowd outnumbering the numerous bathers, and making, with bright parasols, variegated flannels, and brilliant costumes, an ever-changing panorama, backed by gray sand and framed by sparkling breakers.

That quiet, Quaker-like Philadelphia should be responsible for such a scene as this is an anomaly that might well cause good William Penn to rest uneasily in his quiet grave. But it is the last decade of the nineteenth century, and Atlantic City cannot afford to be distanced by her rivals farther up the beach.

REFORM IN ARMY UNIFORMS.

OUTSIDE of the Quartermaster-General's office there are few officers or men of the United States army who do not desire a radical change in their uniforms. In nearly every State which has adopted a uniform for its militia, the regular army dress has been modified in important particulars. Still the influence of the regular service is so strong that, in view of the ills that ought to be remedied, the reforms have been of a timid and conservative character. The most serious difficulties of the army, however, do not affect the militiamen, in whose life military duties are merely incidental.

The suggestions that are made in Mr. Remington's sketches are certainly revolutionary. They are also original, striking, and decidedly interesting. So far as the service dress is concerned, they are backed by very strong and sound reasons. Aside from all prejudice, they must command the respectful consideration of thoughtful men who are familiar with the life and needs of the soldier on the frontier and at our military posts. In the first place, Mr. Remington knows his subject. He has lived with troops, has marched with them, and has been with them in action. He has had that experience which gives his pencil authority, for he knows what is most comfortable and least burdensome to horse and man on our wearying plains, and most effective in the kind of fighting that is demanded of our army. Therefore what he advises ought to be seriously considered, and it will not do for those who are responsible for the present uniform to dismiss these important suggestions by saying that they are impracticable, when most of the articles of apparel are already worn on the plains; nor to assert that they will make the troops look like cow-boys and Indians, when cow-boys and Indians are almost the only people whom they meet when they are on active service.

The Quartermaster-General's office is undoubtedly exceedingly conscientious and careful. The officers of that department of the army are intelligent men. They do their duty by the government with an integrity so far above the standard of civilian bureaus that it is almost hopeless to appeal to the latter to emulate the admirable example. They have a very important and large range of duties. Determining the fashion of the dress of the soldier is not one of the least important of the details of their work, but it is one of very many. The quartermasters have to buy all that goes to clothing and housing the army; to build quarters for the officers and barracks for the men; to provide transportation; to buy the cloth and make the clothes. And these duties are attended to with much ability and with singular fidelity. What defects there may be in the administration of the office is largely due to the fact that quartermasters of the staff do not serve with the troops, and cannot be so conversant as they ought to be with the needs of the service. Therefore quarters and barracks at a certain post may not be what the climate demands, and the dress of a cavalryman in the cold Northwest may be entirely inadequate to his work and exposure; but this opens up the whole question concerning staff organization, the discussion of which would be out of place in this article. It is enough to say that the Quartermaster-General and his assistants should approach the question of uniform in a receptive frame of mind, conscious of the fact that every officer and man who wears the present uniform is uncomfortable whenever he is under the necessity of doing work that demands the free, unhindered play of every muscle of his body.

Grumbling at his uniform is an old story with the United States soldier, but it must be borne in mind that he has never worn anything to be proud of. The soldier, quite as much as any of his fellow-citizens, likes to be well dressed, and he resents being compelled to look like a guy. He has rarely, however, been clothed in the splendor which captivates the eye of the civilian and fills with pride the bosom of the enlisted man. It used to be said of the Fourth Hussars of the British army that when any one of them was ordered to carry an official message he used invariably to ride down a certain street which was blessed with an enormous plate-glass window in a shop front, in order that he might behold his own image in all its glory. I venture to say that no soldier of the United States army ever felt called upon to go out of his way for the purpose of catching the reflection of his splendid trappings. The only man who could possibly feel inclined for that display of vanity in our present army would be the cavalryman, and after he had regarded his yellow plume and worsted cord, all that would be left to him would be a backward glance at the yellow splotches on the useless short skirts of his coat, tunic, coatee, or whatsoever other name that garment is officially designated by; while as to the service dress, the men who wear it in a campaign are compelled, in order to be comfortable, to make their own irregular modifications of it.

The uniform of the United States army has been already treated in these columns with the respect due to history. Those who read the article and looked at the pictures by which it was illustrated know that, with some exceptions, its ugliness and inadequacy are coeval with its existence.

In the colonial days the militia wore the dress that they had inherited from England. Three at least of those costumes have survived to the present day. One is that worn by the City Troop of Philadelphia. Modifications, it is true, have been made in the hat from time to time, but they have been in detail of form, and not at all in character. The uniform was and is one of the handsomest that was ever worn by a soldier. There is a company in Hartford which still wears scarlet coats and the hat of the last century, which call to mind the British Grenadiers and the soldiers of Frederick the Great. In Richmond, Virginia, there is a company that wears an abominable hat invented in the time of the Stuarts, and possessing only the merit of being historical.

In the war of the Revolution, uniforms for the troops were out of the question. It was simply impossible to procure the cloth from which to make them, or the money to pay for them. The difficulties in the way of Washington and the Continental Congress in this respect have already been fully explained. As for Washington, he adopted a simple uniform of blue and buff for general officers, which may have been suggested, as has been intimated by a high authority, by the colors of the Whigs and the Scotch Covenanters, but which were more likely inspired by the uniform of the Blues, in which Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was an officer. It was a plain, pleasing uniform, not brilliant, but eminently fitting to the wearer and the cause of which he was the leader. It was late in the war when an enlisted man's uniform was buff and blue, and then only on paper. The only clothes that were obtainable were the very best for actual service. As early as the French and Indian war, Washington, as the commanding officer of the Virginia militia, urged Governor Dinwiddie to provide the troops with the simple and useful dress of the hunter; and afterward, in the Revolution, he urged that as many as could should procure this comfortable dress —which, as it was the costume of the riflemen, struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

This dress has been made familiar by the illustrations in school histories and in more pretentious books. Its relation to the standard military uniform of the period was what Mr. Remington's proposed service dress is to the uniforms of the day. In that early time there was little difference between dress and undress. The regular British soldier marched weary days with his close-buttoned coat, his heavy bear-skin hat, his tight breeches. He charged bayonets and sabred artillerymen while his high collar cut his ears. When he was not actually on duty walking his post or fighting his enemy, he was pipe-claying his belts, rearranging his pig-skin, or greasing and powdering his long hair. It had never occurred to the military tailors of the last century that when a soldier was at work on post or in the field his dress should be adapted to the exertions he was compelled to put forth. That idea is even now in the age of infancy. It has not firmly fixed itself in the minds of those whose right and privilege it is to determine the manner in which the army shall be clad.

The riflemen of the last century wore loose-fitting tunics or jackets made of homespun. While the rest of mankind were wearing breeches, they wore trousers. They were, indeed, the first to introduce that useful garment; but the trousers did not closely resemble those of our own time. Instead of being tight above the knee, they gave free play of the muscles of the leg, and were gathered close at the ankle by buttons, so that they were not like the awkward, flapping, catch-all impediments of to-day. These clothes were ornamented with furbelows or ravellings of the material of which they were made, a fashion that has been always popular with frontier Americans. The American rifleman wore the dress that was, in its time, the best possible service uniform. It was an ample protection from the weather, for it might be of cotton in summer and of wool in winter. It was not burdensome. It permitted the unobstructed use of all the wearer's powers. It did not distract him by petty annoyances. The shoes were closed and guarded by the buttoned bottoms of the trousers, so that during a long march dust and gravel did not intrude to the wounding of the feet and the laming of the men. The hat was a soft wide-brimmed felt, not pressing too much on the head, and shading the eyes.

The accoutrement of the rifleman consisted of what was useful to him. Of all the soldiers of his time, he alone wore a body belt. Into this belt he stuck a hunting knife, with which he cut his fuel, his food, or his pathway through the forests. His weapon was better than that issued to the troops opposed to him, and the British soldier with his Brown Bess feared the Yankee rifle. Finally, his cartridge-box and canteen were carried from his shoulders. This was a virtue of the period, however, for a hundred years ago no soldiers carried weight on their waists.

It is probable that the absence of uniforms greatly assisted the American army in its struggles with the well-clad enemy. The dress of the period was certainly not calculated to aid action. It is almost impossible to imagine anything that could make a fighting man more ineffective than the heavy hats, the full, long-skirted coats, the skin-tight breeches, and the leather stocks with which custom clothed the British soldier. Most of the muscles of the body were cased in, and were directed to preserving the rod-like stiffness which was prescribed by the drill-master. It is easy to understand how, other things being equal, men whose clothes permitted them to be active and agile could easily overcome the buckram men, who had to shoot over leather stocks.

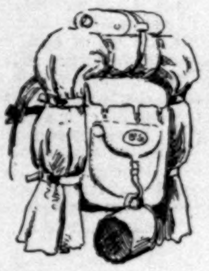
It was a long time, however, before military authorities learned that uniforms designed for the display and pageantry of parade are not adapted to active work in the field. The United States followed, generally, the French fashions in uniforms, but for many years there was only one dress for the soldier. On parade, in camp, and in battle, he struggled with the same kind of clothes. His collar came to the tip of his ear; his neck was stiffened with leather; his movements were impeded by the tightest of tight breeches and trousers; on his head he wore, at one time, a heavy round leather cap, graced with a buck's tail, and strapped under his chin; at another time, a citizen's tall hat with a coachman's cockade; and at still another, a leather shako with pompon and brass chains, hot and heavy enough to give a headache to a whole army.

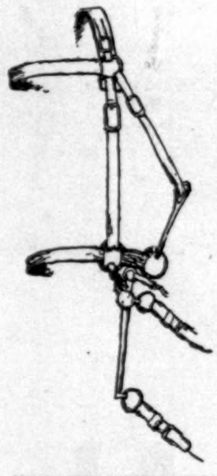
In the war of 1812 we had forgotten the value of the hunting dress, and the men who fought on both sides, unless they threw away their coats and hats, must have been as comfortless and as hampered by their clothes as are young working-men in their Sunday suits. The full-dress uniform of the Seventh New York Regiment is substantially that of the United States army that fought at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, except that the shako of to-day is of felt, and is about half as large and heavy as that of eighty years ago. Fancy the Seventh in full dress in a fight, and you can realize what an American regular in full uniform looked like when he was contending with the equally stiff British regulars in Canada.

In the Mexican war the fatigue jacket was first adopted, and the stiff leather hat gave way to a soft cloth cap, of the form commonly known as the "pancake." This, after Wilkinson's order requiring the hair to be cut, was the first sign of recognition of the fact that our military authorities realized that comfort should be considered in uniforms.

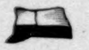
At about the time of the breaking out of the civil war jackets were again issued to mounted troops, but their high collars made them uncomfortable, and there was too much conservatism in the Quartermaster-General's Department to permit a radical change. The head-pieces worn from 1861 to 1865 were almost barbarous. The felt hats were too heavy, and the high caps, which resembled accordions more than anything else, were absurd. The shoes were unfit for marching, and so were the trousers, generally too long, and always flopping awkwardly about the ankles. The adoption of the blouse, ill-fitting and untidy as it was, was a movement in the right direction. Bad as the uniform was, the fact that the war was fought in it made it sacred to both soldiers and civilians, and inspired one distinguished commander of the army in after-years to refuse to listen to any suggestions of change.

So far as the dress uniform is concerned, it seems always to have been the ugliest costume in the world, and it has rarely been uglier, and, comparatively, never so ugly as it is to-day. The helmet is not the Prussian helmet; it is, on the contrary, an awkward imitation of it. The trousers are too tight at the top and too loose at the bottom. Some company tailors, indeed, seem to take pride in dressing their men as if they were sailors, and were obliged to wear trousers that they might roll up above the knee when they holystoned the deck. The little skirts of the mounted men are ridiculous, and the facings are not handsome. There is little that is beautiful in the appearance of a body of our army on parade. The yellow trimmings of the cavalry make some glitter, and in the long and sombre line of regulars and Pennsylvania militia clad in regular army uniforms at the last three inaugural processions it was pleasant to catch a glimpse of the yellow linings of the capes, which the men buttoned back with the desire of looking as well as they might. There is nothing uglier, perhaps there is nothing cheaper, than the very light blue which used to be worn for trousers. It is known as sky-blue, and is happily being replaced by Saxony blue, which is of a slightly darker shade.


KNAPSACK—NO HAVERSACK.

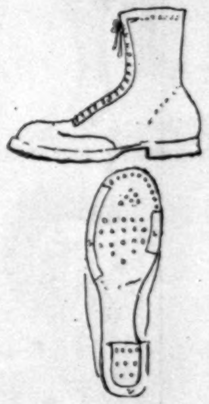

COMBINATION HALTER-BRIDLE.

So far as suggestions for dress uniform are concerned, Mr. Remington has contented himself with pointing out how easily they might be improved. The cavalryman's and light artilleryman's helmets are certainly vast improvements on the head-piece of to-day, and are also suggestive of the helmet that was worn by our own dragoons in 1812. At that time, however, the horse troops wore long-skirted coats, a fashion which every man who ever mounted a horse will reprobate. So Mr. Remington has very sensibly cut off these useless and bothersome appendages, and leaves the man a rather long and well-fitting jacket, with shoulder pieces that do not burden him, but are ornamental. His breeches should be of white or buff. (Fig. 3.) The light artilleryman's helmet is more suggestive of iron and blood, and his broad hanger is a much more useful and convenient weapon than the scimitar-like sabre that this arm of the service is compelled to wear under the present regulations. (Fig. 2.) As for the infantryman in full dress (Fig. 1), he is as he is seen. The shape of his helmet is greatly improved. There are alternative suggestions for the cap. The Germans have imposed the helmet upon the armies of the world, but it would be difficult to explain the reason of their success, except upon the irrational theory that in some mysterious way it enabled the Germans to beat the French. The cloth caps of the French, Italians, and Austrians are very much handsomer. The Italian cap is shown in the sketch. The cross-belts are restored too, and the man carries a cartridge-box which will be sufficient for the ammunition that he will need on occasions of ceremony. His bayonet is a trowel. His trousers are loose, and are gathered into short leather spatterdashes, after the fashion which has been adopted by nearly every well-equipped army in the world, and even by some of our own militia.


IMPROVED CAP.

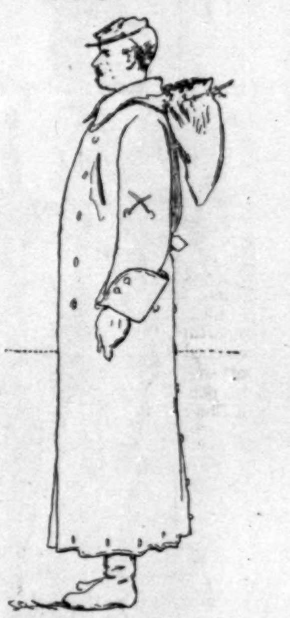
It will be noticed that the chevrons are reversed, and that they point upward. This is as it should be. The West Point cadets wear them properly. They were so originally, and they look better so.

The important part of Mr. Remington's suggestions, however, concerns the service uniform. It is unnecessary to add to what has been already said about the inadequacy of the present fatigue dress. With some modifications that are sufficiently indicated in the sketches of full dress, it should be retained for post duty, for the service dress is to be worn only on active campaigning and field service. In the first place it should be observed that the Quartermaster-General's office very slightly recognizes the important fact that the differences of climate in this country are enormous. Troops stationed in the heat of Arizona ought to be more lightly clad than the troops in the cold Northwest.


PROPOSED SHOE.

Figs. 5 and 6 are cavalrymen. Fig. 5's dress may be of canvas or wool, according to the climate or season. Canvas clothes are already issued to the men for labor dress. In considering the costumes shown in Fig. 5, it should be borne in mind that some of its details are already adopted. For example, the sensible soft hat is now issued, and the men provide themselves with ornamented and fringed gauntlets, and with kerchiefs for the neck. They also insist on wearing their revolvers after the manner represented —a manner that is adopted by every one who may be suddenly called upon to draw his weapon. The jacket may be buttoned or may fly open. The riding breeches are made in the style agreed upon by all people who ride as that best adapted for the saddle. They bulge like a hunting man's, but are strapped tight at the knees. The cavalryman's spatterdashes are long leggings. He carries his piece and his load on his back, and he does not wear his sabre—it is fastened to his saddle. In such a dress a man on horseback must be at his best.

In Fig. 6 we have a cavalryman dressed for a winter campaign in the Northwest. His fur or wool cap will come down over his ears. His sheepskin or buffalo tunic does not interfere with his equitation. His breeches are such as are already worn on the plains. The sheep's wool remains in the front, and


CAVALRYMAN WITH OVERCOAT—INFANTRY SIZE TO DOTTED LINE.

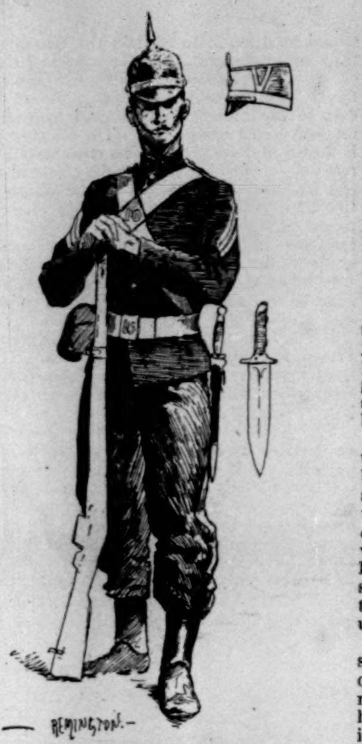


Fig. 1.—INFANTRY—FULL DRESS.

the backs are tanned. The feet of a man will freeze more quickly on horseback than almost anywhere else, so Mr. Remington has given to his cavalryman a pair of arctic boots, and if there is anything warmer or better it should be substituted.

The overcoats of the cavalryman and infantryman should differ in length. That of the foot-soldier should be as short as a civilian's overcoat, in order that it may not interfere with his marching, while the longer the horseman's the better. There should be a capacious hood on the coat, and long sleeves that may entirely cover the hands, for when overcoats are worn, the men need all the protection that they can get.

The heavy artilleryman's working dress is shown in Fig. 7. Its essential part is the jumper, or "sweater," with which he can perform his laborious duties at the heavy guns without discomfort from profuse perspiration, and without endangering his health by too rapidly cooling off.

Fig. 8 is a light artilleryman. He carries two revolvers, and they and his ammunition belt are suspended from his shoulders. His spatterdashes are short, because much of his work is on foot, and the long spatterdashes of the cavalryman would seriously interfere with him. He also wears a kerchief about his neck. This is a bit of comfort which should be issued to the men. If it were of the corps color it would materially brighten up the necessarily sombre service dress.

The infantryman in campaign dress is shown in Fig. 4. It will be seen that many of Mr. Remington's reforms have been already explained. He carries all his load on his shoulders and back. His knapsack, which is shown on the previous page, is small, but it will carry a woollen shirt or so; and one of the advantages of this dress is that it would make much baggage unnecessary. The man does not wear stockings, but the long felt or woollen bands common on the frontier, which he winds about his foot and lower leg. His blanket is rolled around three sides of his knapsack, on which is a place for his rations and a receptacle for his water. Thus his load is not only made compact, but he will not drink too much water and waste it. The waste of water on a long march over our dry plains is a great evil. He can also sling his piece over the top of his pack. As the infantry arm must soon be a magazine-gun, Mr. Remington has suggested a light canvas case for it, which may remain slung over the shoulders when the piece is in use. The shoe shown in the illustration is made on the best principle. The present shoe is too low, and gathers dust and gravel too easily. The new shoe would be broad, low-heeled, and high. It would also have a tongue to increase its imperviousness to the dirt of the road. The cartridge belt would be woven in one piece broad enough for two rows of cartridges, and it would be suspended from the shoulders. As the old-fashioned bayonet is useless, the trowel bayonet has been substituted. It is a very valuable implement, possessing the virtues of a hunting knife, besides being an intrenching tool.

The advantage of the horse furniture—the light saddle and bit—the present equipment being barbarous, will be seen at a glance by every horseman.

Such, in brief, are the suggestions for a modification of the army uniform. These reforms, or something like them, ought to be adopted, for they would enormously mitigate the burdens of a campaign.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

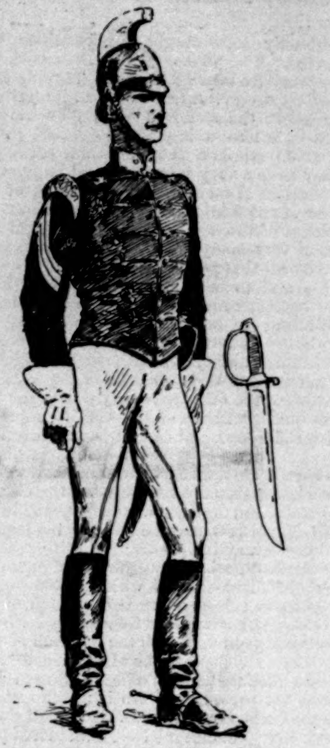


Fig. 2.—LIGHT BATTERY—FULL DRESS.

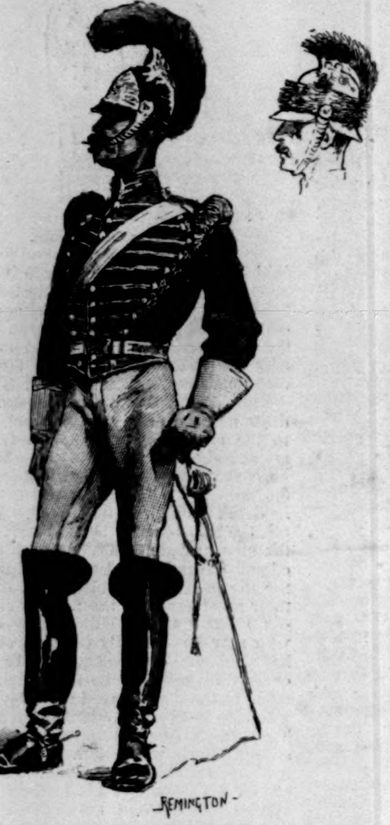
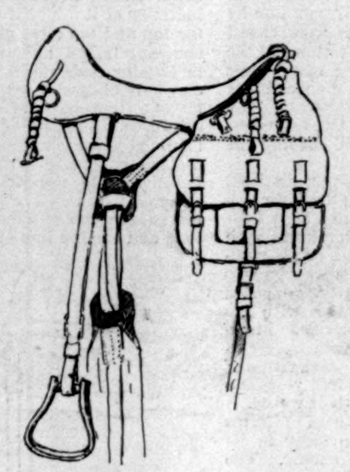


Fig. 3.—CAVALRY—FULL DRESS.



WHITMAN SADDLE.

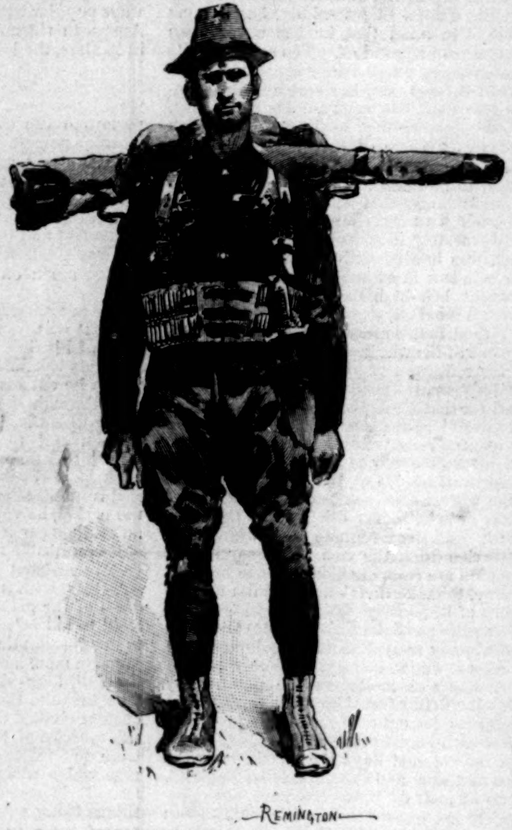


Fig. 4.—INFANTRY—FIELD OR CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

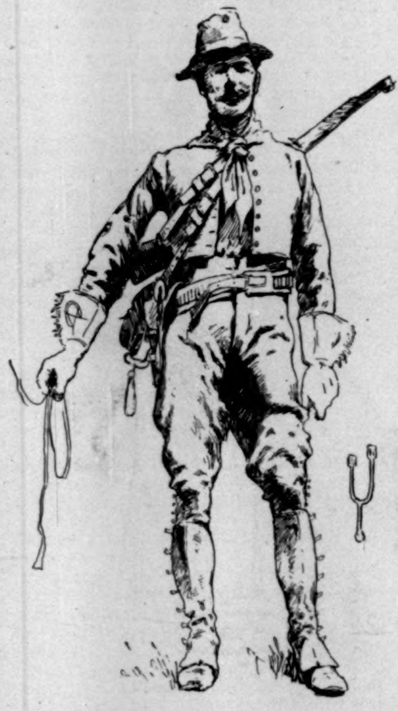


Fig. 5.—CAVALRY—FIELD UNIFORM.

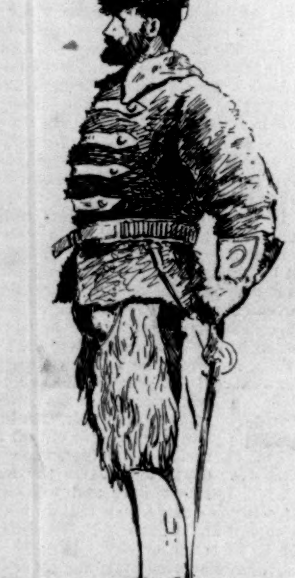


Fig. 6.—CAVALRY UNIFORM FOR THE FAR NORTH.

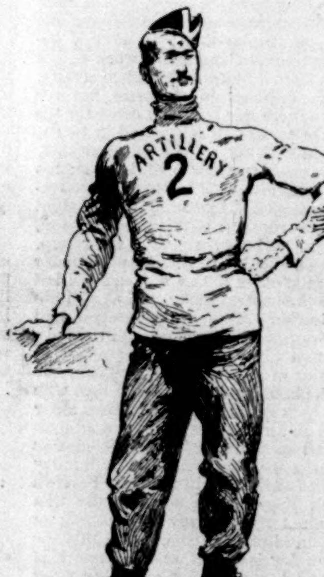


Fig. 7.—HEAVY ARTILLERY—FATIGUE DRESS.

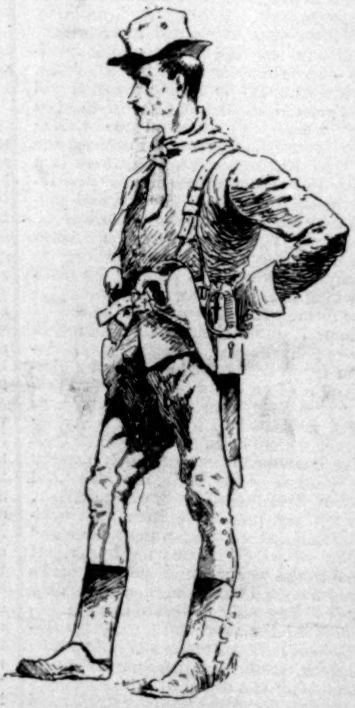
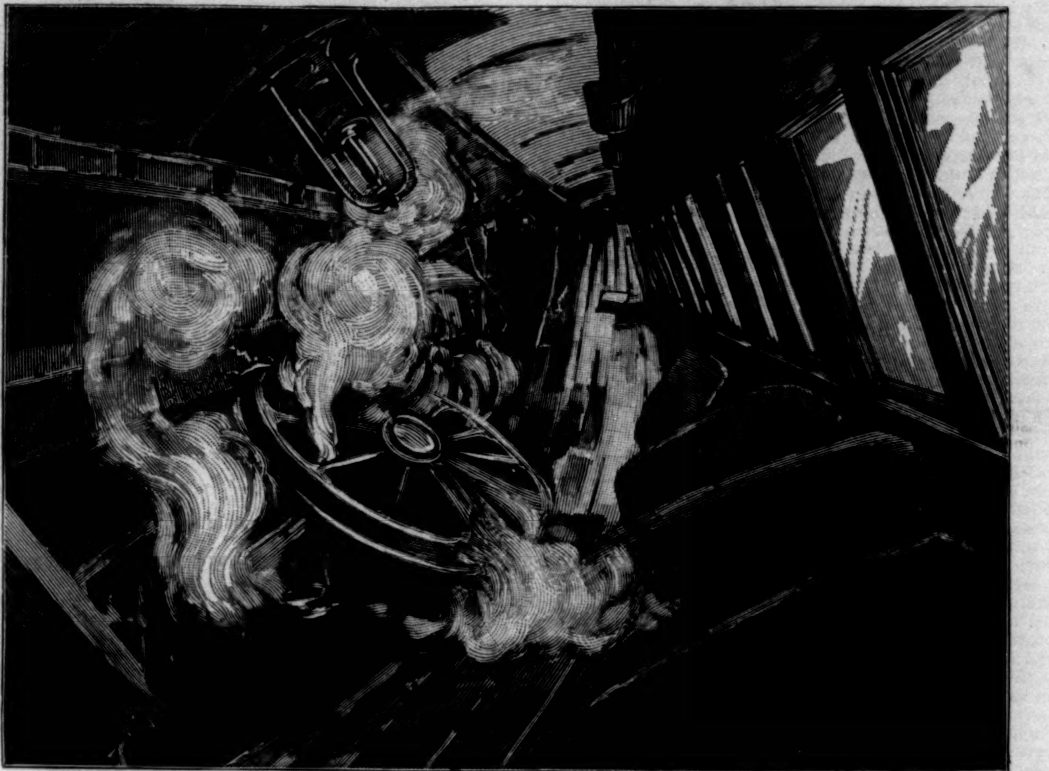
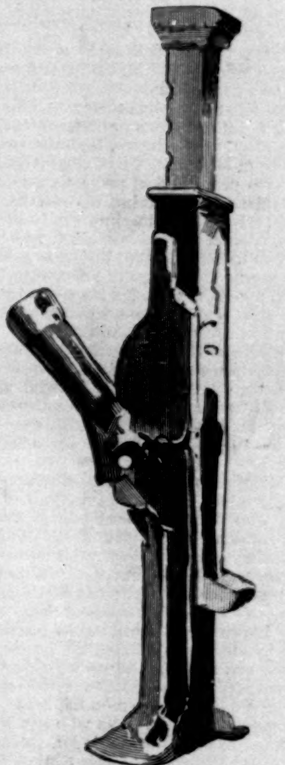


Fig. 8.—LIGHT ARTILLERY—FIELD OR COMPANY UNIFORM.

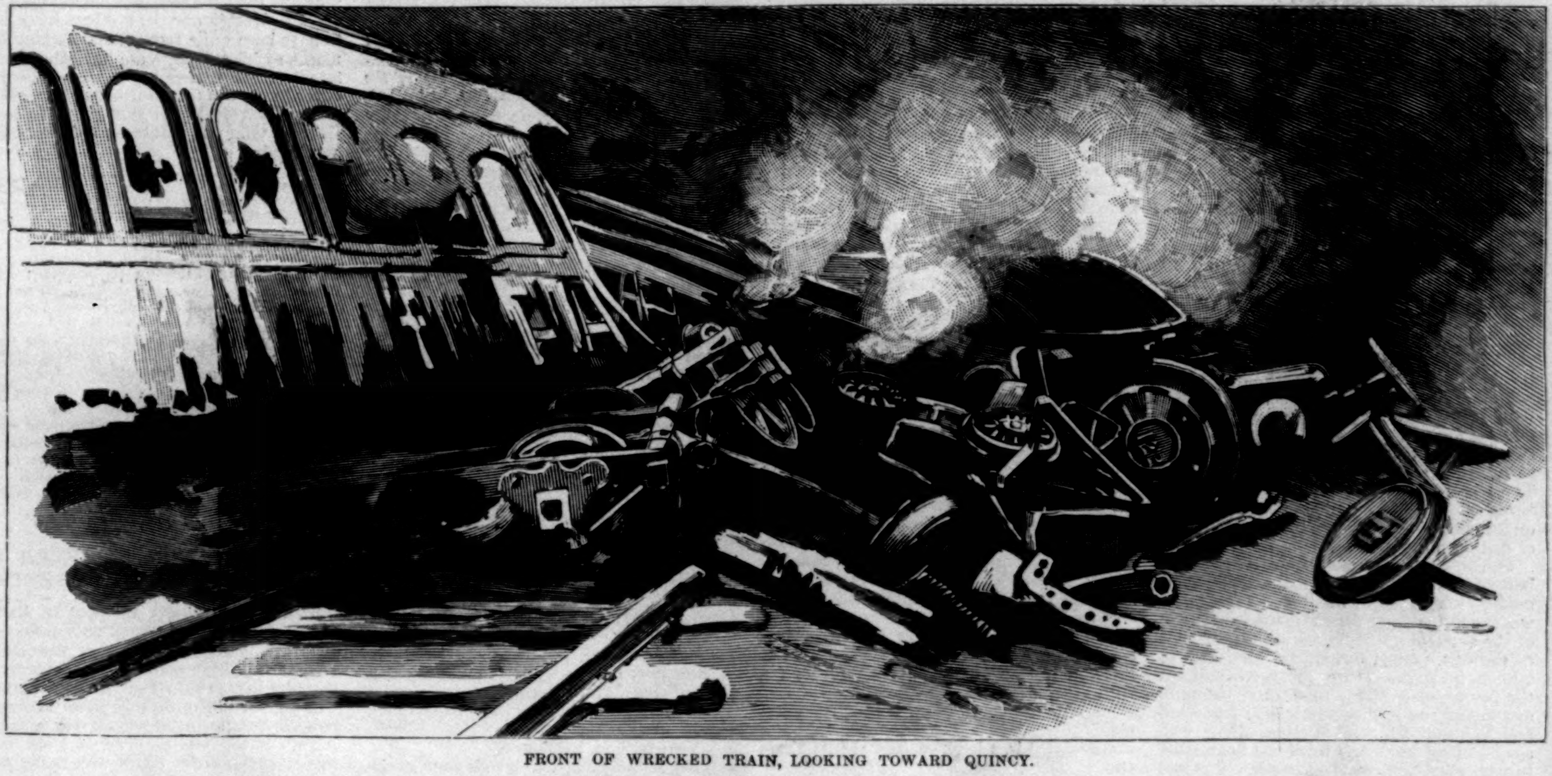
SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMY UNIFORM.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 683.]



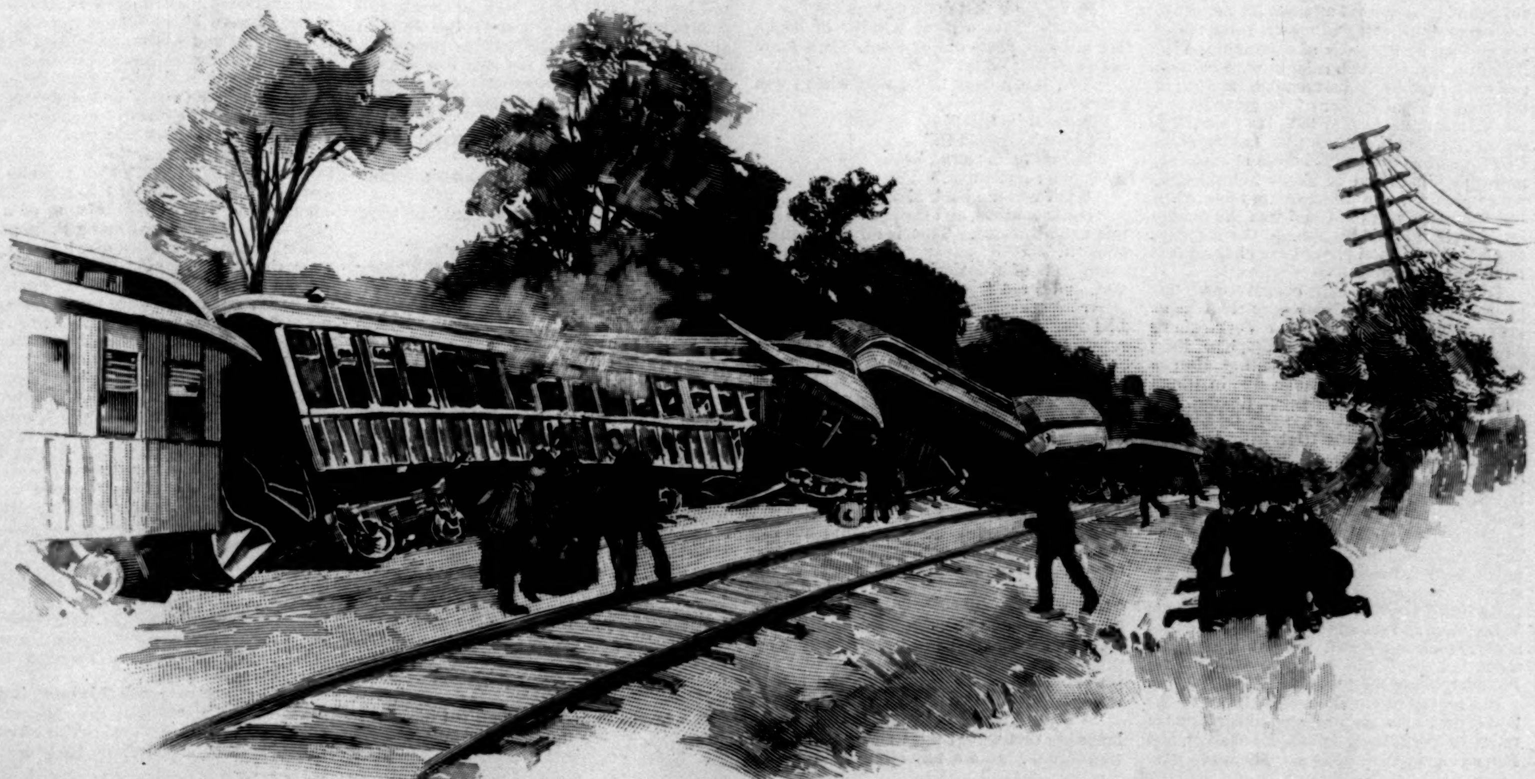
INTERIOR OF CAR WITH ENGINE WHEEL PROJECTING THROUGH FLOOR.



THE RATCHET JACK SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LEFT ON THE TRACK.



FRONT OF WRECKED TRAIN, LOOKING TOWARD QUINCY.



GENERAL VIEW OF WRECKED TRAIN, LOOKING TOWARD BOSTON.

THE RAILROAD DISASTER ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD AT QUINCY.—DRAWN BY J. A. S. MONKS.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

CYCLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

(*Continued from page 672, Supplement.*)

any other man with each of the last four league presidents. Mr. Bidwell is a member of the Citizens' Club.

Of other prominent men in the league none is better known or better liked than Albert Mott, of Baltimore, the most prominent cyclist of Maryland, Chief Consul of his State for two years, and at present an unopposed candidate, much against his will, for a third term. Mr. Mott, although nearly fifty years of age, is an enthusiastic rider. He was not known nationally until his State entertained the league two years in succession—first at Baltimore in 1888, and at Hagerstown in 1889. Mr. Mott is at present a member of the Highway Improvement Committee.

Of all the Chief Consuls of States none is better known than W. Sheldon Bull, of Buffalo, who succeeded Mr. Bidwell as Chief Consul, and who is now an undisputed candidate for a third term. Mr. Bull has worked the membership of his State up to 2600 members.

One of the most powerful characters in the league is Mr. Charles S. Luscomb, of Brooklyn, who preceded Mr. Dunn as President. Mr. Luscomb is President of the Long Island Wheelmen, and for three years he has served the league with such marked ability that the highest office in its gift was conferred upon him. To him is due much of the good highway improvement work the league has done, and he also reconstructed the league constitution and by-laws, and for a year he did excellent service in establishing the rights and privileges of wheelmen on the road.

Another Brooklyn man who has become a national figure in cycling is Mr. Isaac B. Potter, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club. Mr. Potter first became known through his success in framing and having passed a bill which legally recognized the rights and privileges of cycle riders in New York State. The immediate effect of this bill was the opening of Central Park to riders, and the ultimate result was the passage of "liberty bills" in almost all the States in the Union, under which cyclists are given the same rights and privileges as are accorded vehicles, the value of this recognition lying chiefly in the fact that city and town authorities are prevented from passing ordinances which are often unjust, unreasonable, and inimical to the interests of cyclists.

Among other prominent men who have advanced the sport is Charles S. Davol, of Warren, Rhode Island, Chairman of the Racing Board, a national league committee of five men, who have charge of all cycle-racing interests.

Thus nurtured by the league, and by its intrinsic merits, the cycle has become the vehicle of out-door recreation; the willing beast of burden of lovers of nature; the muscle-making and nerve-calming medicine of the many; a sweet restorer and a producer of nature's sweetest restorer—dreamless sleep. The wheel has become known on the boulevards of the most populous cities, and also on the country by-path and the sandy stretches that span the prairies.

The illustrations presented are types of the best of their class: Hendee, the "pet" and model racing man of his time, as fast as he was modest and gentlemanly, the truest type of the amateur; Windle, the wonderful flier of the day, young, but skilled and sinewy, with a marvellous turn of speed, perhaps the fastest man of his time, alert mentally and morally as well as physically; Lumsden and Winship, the two Western fliers, who sped around the Peoria track last September in 2 minutes 33 seconds—Lumsden, a graceful lad who has not yet attained his majority, with sinews of steel and a level head, not as yet swollen by his deeds of derring do; William Murphy, a superb rider at once on path and road, perhaps the best man on the road in this country, and winner of the great Irvington-Milburn race of May 30th last; Bert Myers, another Southwestern flier, hailing from Peoria; and as opposed to these champions, note the illustration of Eddie Schwalbach, who rode around a dining-room table when less than two years old, and was the youngest bicycle rider of his time in the country, though many proud papas have claimed that honor for their sons.

To represent the lady cyclists—and this phase of the sport is assuming remarkable proportions—are pictured Miss Tecklenburg and Mrs. Dalsen, both of Philadelphia. Both ladies participated in the Century Run, a ride which was held in June, and in which over one hundred riders participated. The course was from Newark to Philadelphia, the day wet, the roads frightfully wet and muddy. Many of the sterner sex dropped out or took to the friendly railroad train, but these two ladies, with another Philadelphia lady, Miss Welch, pressed on, and finished the ride. Miss Tecklenburg has also the additional honor of being able to distance many Philadelphia male riders up the steep hills near that city. Mrs. Dalsen is the wife of Captain Dalsen, of the Century Wheelmen, and she adds to her ability awheel a charm of mind and manner which has made her the bright particular star of the Philadelphia cycling world.

In the way of club-houses, as types of the best of their kind, are presented illustrations of the New York, Long Island, Manhattan, and Pennsylvania Club houses. There are hundreds of club-houses throughout the country, and scores of them are as handsome and as costly as the ones we picture. The New York Club house is at Seventy-second Street and West End Avenue, the future swell quarter of Gotham. The ground and building cost nearly forty thousand dollars. There are wheel-rooms, billiard parlors, reception, card, and officers' rooms, and all the conveniences of club life. The front of the building is of handsome design, and at once attracts the notice of the passer-by.

The Pennsylvania Club is another model club-house, facing Fairmount Park, and larger and more luxuriously appointed and maintained than the New York Club building. A picture of the wheel-room of the Century Wheelmen's Club house, another Philadelphia club-house, gives the non-cycling reader an idea of the appearance of a cycle stable.

And so the sport goes ahead in leaps and bounds; no longer a craze nor a boom, nor anything ephemeral or of the bubble order, but a rational and fascinating exercise. The old German gardener has long since ceased to trundle his wheel in the ducal gardens; old Dalzell, with his rude type of rear-driving cycle, has been gathered to his fathers; good old Lallement has disappeared into the oblivion fog of destitute old age; the Patent-Office records have been put to a severe strain; fortunes have been lost in man-motors, and the aggregate mass of worthless man-motors would out-Eiffel Eiffel. But thought outlives time; the enthusiastic creations of hundreds of inventors were stepping-stones toward perfection; the bone-shaker craze was the primitive impulse of the people to cycle, to take to winged wheels, to fly, as it were. Time and the fusion of metal and ideas have brought us the bicycle, the safety, and the tricycle. Are they the acme of cycling happiness? Who can tell?

CONTINUITY.

Librarianship offers a better field for mental gymnastics than any other profession. I am cataloguing the four thousand and tenth of an interminable series of French plays, when a drove of unbroken Sophomores comes prancing into the library. Before my wits can be jogged out of Paris and across a half-century, the boys burst out in chorus:

"Say, will you please give me a chart of Long Island Sound?"

"Say, may I have all my books renewed?"

"Say, can you tell me where Milton speaks of the Golden Chersonese?"

"Say, will you show me something on the woodchuck?"

"Say, is Professor Scribner in?"

It takes some time to make the boys happy, and then I go back to my plays. Here is a thin little pamphlet called *Les suites d'un mariage de raison. . . .par MM. Dartois, Léon Brunswick et Lhéric.* To catalogue it I must first of all identify the authors. Quérard introduces me to three dramatic writers of the same period, brothers, whose family name was Dartois de Bournonville, and their baptismal names, respectively, François Victor Armand, Louis Charles Achille, and Louis Armand Théodore. Under the first of these I find my play credited to the said François, "*avec M. Lhéris.*" Léon Brunswick is not mentioned, and Lhéric is spelled Lhéris.

Some one interrupts me here to learn whether 112 College Street is at the west end. Scarcely have I settled back into calm research when a quaint old lady rouses me with the appeal,

"I would like to see a book fifty years old."

"Er—that is, a book *entitled* 'Fifty Years Old'?"

"No; a book that *is* fifty years old."

"But we have a great number of books that are fifty years old or more. Is it some one particular book?"

"Yes; it is a book that I read when I was a little girl."

"What is its title?"

"I have forgotten it."

"The author's name?"

"I don't remember."

"What was the book about?"

"It was a novel, and the scene was laid in this neighborhood. That is all I remember about it."

Our lists of historical novels are of no service, and I am finally forced to give it up. After assuring several persons that they can find Professor Scribner in his own room, I return to the drama.

No such name as Lhéris is to be found among the *L's* in Quérard; but he has two contemporary playwrights, brothers, named Victor and Léon Lhérie.

Puzzling over this, my wandering eye is attracted by a timid little body who needs encouragement to speak out. Yes, we have "a shelf of poetry"; many of them, in fact. And I point out the more accessible. Just then a gentleman asks me, innocently, "Have you a class photograph of Thomas Green, who graduated here in 1792?"

I get back to Quérard, but have hardly found my place when a leisurely acquaintance drops in for a chat. He is soon displaced by a hustling book agent, whom nothing can drive away; so I bless the old professor who wants a book from the nethermost abyss of the "farther room."

"Do you know any history in the Spanish language that would sell well in an English translation?" asks a fair stranger in spectacles. "Of course translating is rather overdone, I know; but—"

A clergyman, in great haste, rushes up, exclaiming, "Please extend my time on *Future Probation.*"

I renew his book in English, while talking of Spanish and thinking in French.

My play is found again under Victor Lhérie's name, attributed to him "avec MM. Brunswick (*i. e.*, Léon Lhérie) et Dartois." Here is progress. My author's names now stand as follows: Dartois de Bournonville, François Victor Armand [Lhérie (or Lhéris, or Lhéric), Léon (*pseud.* Léon Brunswick)], Lhérie (or Lhéris, or Lhéric), Victor.

However, past experience has made me distrustful of Quérard's accuracy, and I proceed to verify these names, having first sent messengers in search of Professor Scribner, whose presence is urgently wanted in four different places at once.

Hœfer, Larousse, and Vapereau copy Quérard's spelling of my first author's name. When four such authorities agree, I say, the matter may be considered settled. Now, then, for the Lhéries.

"Pardon me, but I have a very rare book here, printed in the sixteenth century. Can you tell me what it is worth?"

It is worth about ten cents.

"Can you inform me, sir, why Shakespeare omitted Henry the Seventh from his plays?". . . .

"Ah! Well, then perhaps you can explain the derivation of the Yankee comparison, 'Like Sam Hill'?"

I seem very stupid this afternoon. It is close in the library, albeit whenever the front door is opened a gust of icy wind sends shivers up my back and makes me sneeze. Brunswick, Lhéric, fiddle-stick! It is hard to recover the lost thread of evidence.

"Will you be kind enough to show me everything you have on incubation?"

Not being an agricultural station, our library yields only short articles in reference books and periodicals, and these but grudgingly.

An art student inquires for "a good book on science—something short and interesting." I gave her Thomson's *Depths of the Sea* and Dunkin's *Midnight Sky*. She balances them in her hands, and selects the latter.

Her companion wants the largest and best book we have on elephants, and I spend some time searching for an exhaustive monograph on the anatomy of pachyderms. It is only after carrying thirty pounds of folio up and down stairs that I learn what is really wanted: "A picture of an elephant with his trunk up, to work into a decorative design."

Well, Quérard was certain that "Léon Brunswick" is the assumed name of Léon Lhéris, or Lhérie. In a later volume of his I find "Lhéric, puis Lhérie (Léon)." To make assurance doubly sure I consult a still later continuation of his work, and find no such pseudonyme as Léon Brunswick, but under plain Brunswick is the entry, "*Ps.* (Léon Lévy, plus tard Lhéric et Lhérie)." Matters are becoming complicated.

"Beg pardon, but will you show me something on the history of the boy choir of Westminster Abbey?"

This found, a gentleman seeks assistance in deciphering some of his own handwriting. Another wants a German book, author's name forgotten, title remembered only in English, though the work has never been translated, and the English title might be variously rendered in German. Here the incubator man returns his books with a disappointed shake of the head.

"You see, my landlady is raising chickens."

"Yes; with an incubator?"

"No; with a hen. She breeds game-cocks, and has sold one for as high as twenty-five dollars. Well, there's a sort of work-shop in the rear of our block that has just put in a trip-hammer, and the old lady has sent me up here to find out whether the jarring of the earth by that trip-hammer will spoil her eggs."

A bell rings, and in comes a troop of students. All talk at once.

"Have you got any of Cardan's formulas?"

"I'd like to get the latest Canadian tariff list."

"Where can I get a traverse table?"

"Can you give me Lord Bacon's 'New Atlantis'? I think it's a magazine article."

"I must work up something on 'Byronism on the Continent' for to-morrow morning. Can you give a fellow a lift?"

By-and-by I get back to those delightful pseudonymes. Quérard's latest statement is supported by Vapereau and Larousse. The spelling Lhéris, though copied by Oettinger, seems to be a typographical error. The man's name was originally Lévy, which he subsequently changed to Lhéric, and finally to Lhérie. Yet the British Museum catalogue enters thirty plays under Brunswick alone, and one under Léon Brunswick, both of which are given as pen-names of Léon Lhérie, with no mention of Lévy. No two authorities agree about the dates of his birth and death.

A stranger saunters into the room, gazes a while at the overburdened shelves, approaches the delivery desk, and opens with the question, "Have you any special litterury taste?"

An emphatic negative does not disconcert him.

"We've organized a litterury club down at Richmond, and they made me secretary. Now I'd like to get some points on the subject."

He is scarcely gone before a clergyman appears, almost a stranger to me. "I know you must have a good head for figures," he begins. "Will you be good enough to figure out my board bill? I'm about to leave town, and my brain is all in a muddle from these Easter services. [Coaxingly.] It won't take you long."

Dear me! What would the powers that be remark if they knew it took me half a day to catalogue a tract? Did these Frenchmen themselves know their own names? Let us stick to Larousse, and call the man Lévy. But the third name remains to be settled. The resources of our library are exhausted without finding any trace of such a person as "Lhéric," save that Quérard says this stands for Victor Lhérie, brother of Léon. Since Léon's name is not Lhérie, after all, but Lévy, it follows that his brother's name was probably Lévy also.

The afternoon is waning. The light from our high windows, that "breaks sorrowfully" at all times "through painted panes," now blends with the all-pervading dust. A shape arises before my dim vision, and I shudder. It is the genealogist, a volume in his hand, propitiatory smiles upon his patient face. Alas! I know his mission.

"Ah, sir, I have discovered a wonderful thing—a very wonderful thing indeed. May I ask you to translate this for me?"

On one of the open pages is an emblazoned coat of arms; opposite this, a fac simile of some old document. It turns out to be a grant of arms to one William Sigar, knight, or, as it stands in Latin, Guilielmus Sigar Miles.

"You see," cries the excited mouser, as his trembling finger singles out the name—"you see, *I am a Miles myself on my mother's side!*"

The little French play is finally catalogued—author card, subject card, cross references, and all. Dartois and the brothers Lévy prove to have been quite fecund, and erelong their names as joint authors are intricately woven into the main catalogue. Then one day I discover by chance that Dartois really wrote his name François Victor Armand d'Artois de Bournonville, and I have all that work to go over again.

RECOMPENSE.

Not in the days when to its royal breast
The glory of a purple vestment clings
The thorn-begirdled thistle finds its wings;
But in that later time, when naught doth rest
Within the shelter of the vengeful thorn,
But heaps of silver ashes, searéd white,
Then 'tis the bleachen fires through some strange
might
Stir swiftly, and the thistle wings are born.
Now surely hast thou kinship with the fields,
O Soul! Not in thy purple-vested days
Shalt thou fare upward from thy thorn-girt ways.
Still thy hurt cry then, for the pasture yields
Abundant comfort. Lo! by fire and thorn
For thee and for the thistle wings are born.

Lucy E. Tilley.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

The recent railway accident on the Old Colony Road that occurred on Tuesday, August 19th, in the town of Quincy, near Boston, has scarcely been matched in horror by any casualty in the history of railroad operation. The proportion of fatal injuries among the persons caught in the wreck was unusually large, and the manner of death from the escaping steam of the locomotive boiler peculiarly agonizing. Of 46 persons seriously injured, 15 were killed outright or died soon after rescue, and 6 have since died of their hurts. In the well-known Wollaston disaster of October 5, 1878—which happened not far from the scene of last week's accident—with a larger list of casualties, fewer persons were mortally injured.

The Wood's Holl express train of the Old Colony road left Wood's Holl at 10.50 A.M., and was due in Boston at 1.10 P.M. The locomotive drew a train consisting of a baggage car, a smoking car, and a Pullman car, and six ordinary coaches, of which the foremost, the ill-fated car No. 236, was more than the others crowded with people. There were 391 passengers on the train, many of them being people who were returning from summer vacations at Wood's Holl, Nantucket, and other sea-side resorts. Among these travellers a considerable proportion were from New York, Ohio, and Kentucky. The train, two minutes behind time, had passed Quincy station at 12.57 P.M., running at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Just beyond President's Bridge, about two hundred yards from the station, a gang of section men were repairing the track, and for lifting the rail were using the trackman's appliance known as a ratchet jack, which stood upright between the rails. Michael Hartney, a section hand, was holding the handle of the jack. As the train approached around the curve the men stepped from the track, and Hartney, unable to move the implement, was compelled, after an effort, to abandon it, and jump from the track.

The locomotive struck this erect, immovable obstacle, reared, left the rails, and ran against the side of the twelve-foot cut, stopped short, and, rolling back, lay upon its side, with its boiler across the track, while the tender and the baggage, the smoking and the Pullman cars shot past it, and lay a wreck along the track ahead.

The fireman was instantly killed, and the engineer and Pullman-car conductor were slightly hurt; beyond these casualties the injuries to persons on the train were confined to the occupants of the fated car No. 236, the foremost of the ordinary passenger coaches, which, leaving the rails, struck the engine boiler, breaking in it a hole through which the steam escaped into the broken end of the car. The end of the car that met the engine was shattered, and the passengers were thrown with the flying seats toward this end, and thus exposed to the escaping steam, which instantly filled the car, and surrounding its exterior with a dense vapor, concealed from view the scene of horror within. The five rear passenger coaches did not leave the track, and their occupants received no injury beyond the fright and the jarring caused by the sudden stop. When the horror-stricken passengers of the uninjured coaches could get out, they saw the tender, the baggage, the Pullman, and the smoking cars lying across the double tracks, and the passenger car No. 236 crashed against the engine, barely visible amid the steam and smoke that poured from the boiler. In this narrow chamber of death, pinned to their fate by the mass of shattered seats, were the maimed and helpless passengers amid the scalding steam.

Following the accident a telegraph operator was quickly summoned to the scene, and communication established with the train despatcher's office in Boston. A detail of Boston policemen, under command of a sergeant, soon arrived, and driving back the crowd that had gathered about the wreck, by means of barriers and ropes kept them at a distance that prevented their impeding the rescuing and wrecking parties until the Quincy authorities could summon a sufficient number of local officers for the work. When darkness fell, the work of clearing the wreck was continued by electric lights and gasoline lamps hastily placed in position for the service.

The passengers of the rear cars quickly begun the work of rescue, and with axes and crowbars a large hole was made in the bottom of the wrecked car, through which the living victims were assisted, and as fast as the injured travellers were brought out they were laid on the lawn of a large adjoining estate. On the receipt of the news of the accident in Boston, two relief trains were at once sent to the scene of the disaster, carrying physicians and stretchers. The Quincy hospital was filled to overflowing, and private houses were thrown open for the care of the wounded. Many were brought to the City Hospital in Boston.

The ratchet jack that caused the train to leave its track was found among some high weeds by the side of the track. Marks of the flanges of the locomotive wheels were plainly cut in the heavy tool, which bore other marks of the shock. The sides of the socket on the casting to receive the handles by which the weight is raised were pressed close together, and a large hole was cut through the casting, and its bottom was broken off.

THE FLYING FORTIES.

It is not easy to say how much of its popularity the forty-foot class of cutters and sloops owes to the happy alliterations of which the name is capable—the "flying forties," the "fighting forties," the "fast-fleeting forties," and so on through all the changes that the fertile brains of ingenious yachtsmen can devise. The political war-cry of a generation ago, "Fifty-four, forty, or fight," has been made to do duty upon festive occasion, with all possible variations in the way of substituting *ph* for *f* in the spelling. Altogether the forties have afforded more moral, physical, and intellectual recreation during the season than all the rest of the fleet together.

The fact is that the "forties" sloops or cutters—that is, which measure more than thirty feet and less than forty feet—are a very convenient class for racing or cruising. They are not so costly as larger vessels; they do not require excessively large crews; and yet they are big enough to face any weather likely to be met on our coast during the yachting season.

Their fitness for general use among American yachtsmen was fully recognized by the close of 1888, since which time their number has largely increased. Forties according to American measurement correspond to what is known in British waters as "20-raters," that is, 20-tonners, built within certain prescribed limits of length, beam, sail area, etc. The ball was set in motion, indeed, by the Clyde-built cutter *Minerva*, which crossed the ocean two years ago, and forthwith began to beat everything in her class that she could induce to race with her.

It is not in the Anglo-Saxon nature, however, to stay beaten, and our designers and builders soon began to turn out craft that put the fast Scottish boat to her best paces. She was fairly beaten in a few instances last year, but at the close of the season had been upon the whole so uniformly successful that she was the acknowledged queen of the fleet. The opening of the present season saw half a dozen or more new forties afloat, most of them built with the intention of giving *Minerva* a tussle.

At this writing it is pretty generally admitted that the four beautiful vessels represented in our engraving are queens of the fleet. *Minerva*, shown at the extreme left, was designed by William Fife, built on the Clyde in 1888, and brought to American waters with the avowed intention of sailing her "for all she was worth." Captain Barr, her veteran skipper, has been wonderfully successful, and has not often had the humiliation of studying the lines of an adversary's transom. *Minerva* measures 54 feet over all, 39 feet 11 inches on water-line, 10 feet 6 inches beam, and draws 9 feet of water. She is owned by Charles H. Tweed, of New York.

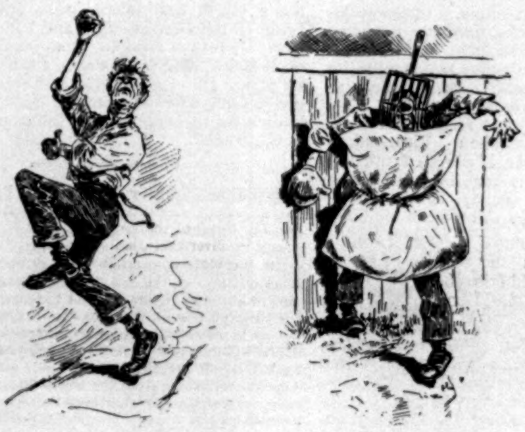
Gossoon, designed by Edward Burgess, was built last winter by G. Lawley & Sons, of South Boston. She measures 40 feet on the load water-line, has 12 feet beam, and draws 9 feet 3 inches. Her owners are the Messrs. Adams, of Boston.

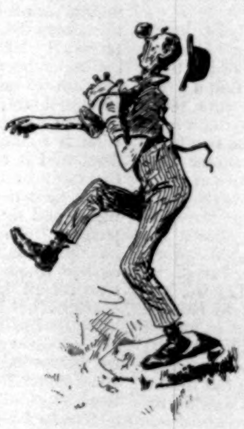
Liris was designed by William Gardner, built by Samuel Ayres, and launched in the spring of 1889. She distinguished herself during her first season, but was over-sparred, and came to grief in consequence. Her mistakes in rig have been corrected the present season, and she has shown well to the fore in most of her races. She measures 57 feet over all, 39 feet 11 inches on the water-line, 13 feet 3 inches beam, and draws 9 feet of water. Her owners are Colgate Hoyt, Samuel Mather, and C. W. Wetmore, of New York.

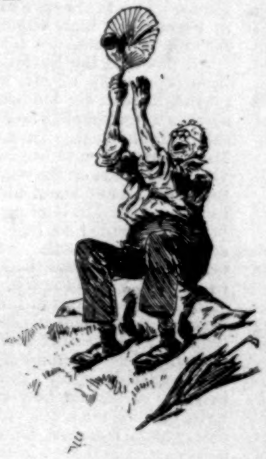
Mariquita, built in 1889 by Lawley, after Burgess designs, and owned by August Belmont, of this city, is the last of the quartet. Her extreme length is 52 feet; length on water-line, 39 feet 8 inches; beam, 13 feet 8 inches; draught, 9 feet.

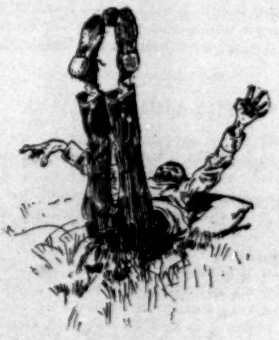
None of these vessels can afford to omit any precaution in racing with the others. *Minerva*, according to the rule of most of the clubs, is entitled to a time allowance, in consequence of which she has won several of this season's races. It is generally admitted among sailors that a racing yacht does better in her second than in her first season.

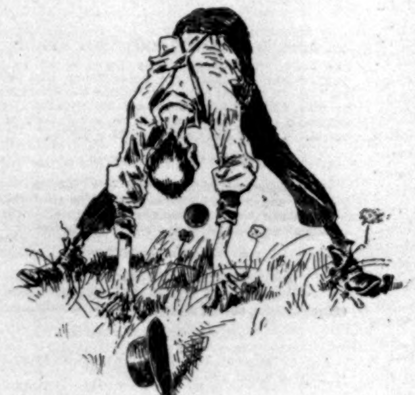
A STRICTLY AMATEUR NINE.

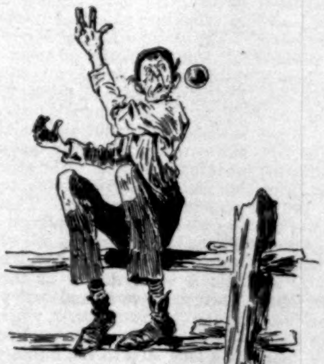

The Battery—The Town Clerk and the Village Blacksmith.

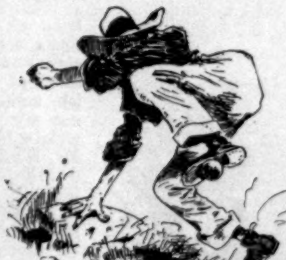

First Base—"Ed," the Expressman.

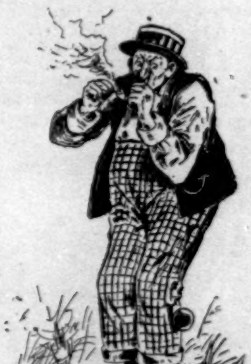

Second Base—The Postmaster.

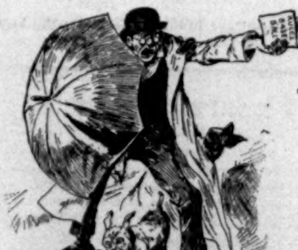

Third Base—Sammy, the Grocer's Boy.

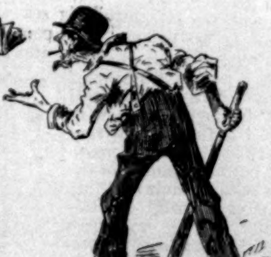

Short Stop—"Long" Bill, the Butcher.

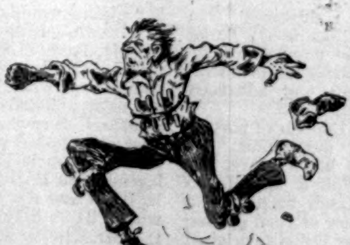

Right Field—Deacon Jones's Boy.

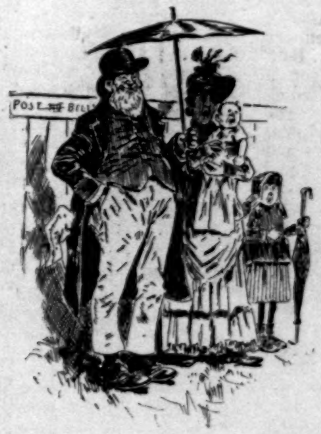

Centre Field—"Wild" Joe, from Arizona.

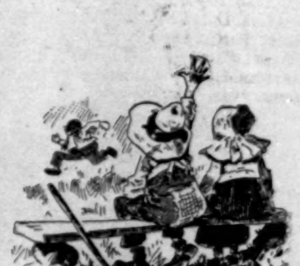

Left Field—Ezra Plymton, the Sexton.


Umpire Deacon Jones.—"You're out, Jim Ferguson: you hit the Umpire's Umbrel'."


Jim Ferguson.—"Bet yer Tew an' a Half I didn't."


Jim Ferguson, with his Roller Skates, about to Slide.


The Grand Stand—"Gosh! Amanda, jes look at ole Jim Ferguson run!"


The Bleaching Board—"Go it, Pop!"

It was therefore with much justifiable exultation that Boston saw *Minerva* distanced by *Gossoon* almost in her first race. Since that time the record has scored sundry victories to each of the four, *Gossoon* and *Minerva* having the best of it. Honors are tolerably easy between the two, preferences being largely controlled, it would seem, by patriotism on the one hand and Anglomania on the other.

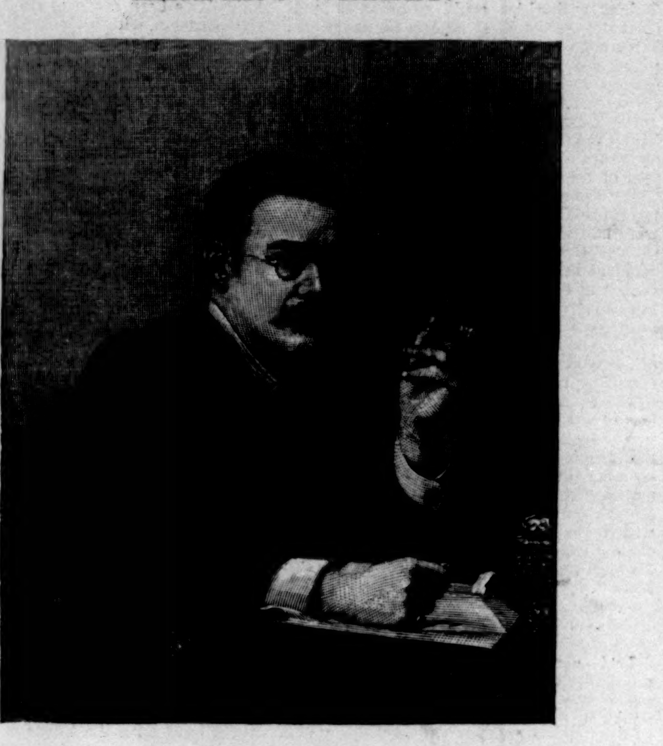
The question of keel and centre-board is by no means settled by the fact that none of the leading quartette carries centre-boards. It is generally admitted that keels are best for vessels of about this size. In larger craft, however, as in the *Volunteer*, the centre-board is retained, with satisfactory results to date, as shown in the international yacht races and in a large majority of the contests among American yachtsmen. In smaller boats the question may be regarded as still in abeyance, and while the centre-board has many obvious advantages, there are enough arguments in favor of keels and outside ballast to secure a very respectable following.

That the long controversy has led to modifications in both British and American models of racing yachts is denied only by the blindest of partisans. Which side has made the more important concessions is one of those questions which can never be decided to the satisfaction of both sides.

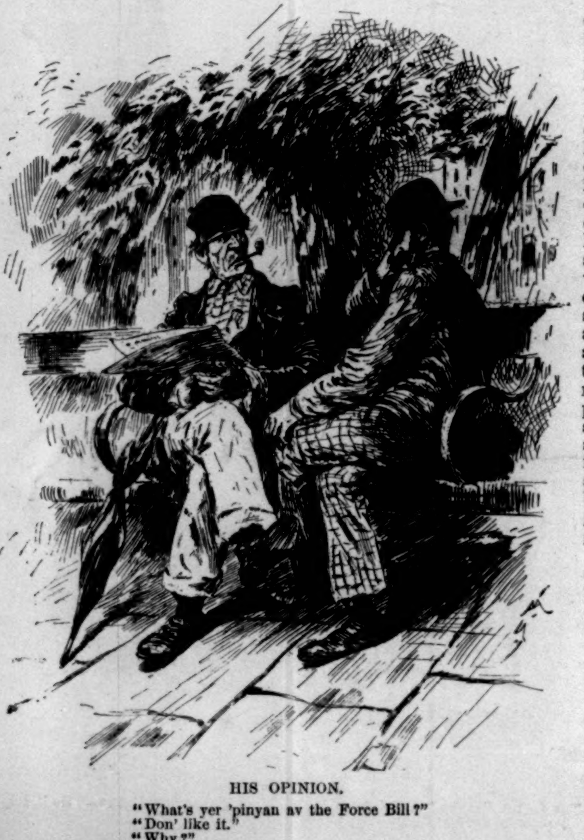
Here, at all events, we have four keel boats, almost identical in length and draught, differing somewhat in breadth of beam and proportionate sail area. They are the observed of all observers on racing days, and the stretching of a rope or a wrinkle in a sail may cost any one of them the victory. Yachting is a costly recreation, even when followed with a due eye to moderate expense and with cruising as its main object; but when almost every day brings its race, the excitement and attendant cost are largely increased. Just as a violin with its four strings must be kept tuned up to concert pitch, so the modern racing yacht, with its tangle of complex rigging and its taut steel wire stays, must be kept in trim, without an ounce of extra weight or a square inch of resistant area anywhere in sight. A yacht stripped for a race is like an athlete ready for the arena, and sometimes it would almost seem that the beautiful creatures are instinct with a fine intelligence of their own when manœuvring for an advantageous start, as shown in the illustration.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Some years ago, among the books which come in battalions to a reviewer, I found an odd little volume of verses, bound like an official report. Where is that volume now? It has gone the way of first editions; a thing to regret, as it was an example of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*. They were light pieces of rhyme on Anglo-Indian life and society; they were lively, sad, cynical, and very unlike most poetry. Mr. Kipling's name was new to me, and, much as I had admired his verses, I heard no more of him till I received *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *Studies in Black and White*, and *Under the Deodars*. They were all unpretending little tomes, clad in gray paper, and published in India. Then, on reading them, one saw that a new star in literature had swum into one's ken. Here were extraordinary brightness, brevity, observation, humor; unusual, perhaps unexampled, knowledge of life in India—life of the people, of their white rulers, of men and women, and of the private soldier. Mr. Kipling had the unusual art of telling a short story; he cut it almost down to anecdote in his hatred of the prolix and the superfluous. This is always a rare art in English; in French it is more common, and is made far more welcome.



RUDYARD KIPLING.



HIS OPINION.

"What's yer 'pinyan av the Force Bill?"
"Don' like it."
"Why?"
"Coz dey're mos' too free wid dere clubs."

All this time the European English knew little or nothing of Mr. Kipling. He was praised in reviews; his books were the treasures of a few people who like to find a fresh thing that is good. Then, in autumn, 1889, Mr. Kipling came to England, paying a long visit to America on the way. The few facts that need be told about his past career were soon known. Mr. Kipling was born at Bombay on December 30, 1865. He is therefore still a very young man. At his age Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had only shown his genius to the world in a few admirable magazine articles. Born in India, the son of the head of the School of Art at Lahore, Mr. Kipling was educated at Westward Ho, the watering-place and home of the golfer, named after Canon Kingsley's novel. He returned to India early, and how early he began to write articles, tales, and verses in the Indian newspapers I do not know. His little romances first appeared in the journals of our Oriental dependency, and were part of his regular newspaper work. The largest collection, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, in the dignity of a cloth cover, can occasionally be purchased from a bookseller of unusual intelligence. But as the books came out in India, it has hitherto been difficult to get them; they have been "very rare." Doubtless these difficulties are being removed, and perhaps all Mr. Kipling's works will become as accessible as those of other British authors. It is not my purpose to write a biography of Mr. Kipling, nor to describe him "at home." He is fond of horses and of fishing. He is not fond of psychology, nor of M. Paul Bourget. His political opinions are of the kind which were English in old days before Mr. Gladstone, and I am not aware that he has ever attempted to overthrow the Christian religion, nor to supply his own mixture, at reasonable charges, as a substitute. He is thus, though young and popular, a little belated in our intelligent and advanced generation.

Enough of personal description. As to his writings, Mr. Kipling appears to myself to possess a very original genius; nor is this an original opinion. His *Plain Tales* have been called "the best book ever written on India" by an authority of very great experience in life, in government, and in literature. For the first time he has shown English readers what India is like; how full of infinitely various life and romance. He seems to have seen, and known, and been able to make real and vivid, the existence of all classes in that continent. For my own part, I least like his tales about official life, about flirtations and jobs, "appointments" of all kinds at Simla. The descriptions may be very true, they are not very pleasing. His married flirts, his frivolous ladies, his people who "play tennis with the Seventh Commandment," are melancholy, and, no doubt, admonitous spectacles. Vice in them has certainly not freed itself from what is coarse and common. Vice seldom does, and it is not Mr. Kipling's fault, but the fault of his characters, that one turns from their feverish society, their "smartness," and their slang. There are touching passages in *The Story of the Gadsbys*, but it has the defect of reminding one of "Gyp," an author whom Mr. Kipling may never have read for all that I know. To my own taste—after all, it is a question of taste—his tales of native life in many ranks, castes, religions, and nations are his best. There is a wonderful horror mixed with vulgar magic in the story called *The House of Suddhoo*. The confessions of an opium smoker in *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows*, defeat De Quincey on his own ground. *On the City Wall* is a romance that is real, and an amazing glimpse into the true mind of Orientals hidden from us often by a veneer of Western culture.

The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes, who fell into a village of them who should be dead but yet live, is a nightmare more perfect and terrible, I think, than anything of Edgar Poe's. There is a scene of passion at a midnight picnic and in a nocturnal dust storm which is purely magical, a revelation of things possible. The story of a little Indian child is a mere sketch, but it brings tears even into critical eyes. There is an astonishing variety in Mr. Kipling's powers. In the *Phantom Rikshaw* his tale of the dead wife's appointment with her husband moves one like a vivid dream of the beloved dead. Then we have a handsome piece of witchery in the *Bisara of Pooree*, where the impossible becomes real to fancy. From these tales it is a long step to the military humors of *Soldiers Three*—the magnificent, daring, vain, and generous Irish Heracles, Mulvaney; the little cockney who shoots so well and has a madness of homesickness, Ortheris; and the large Yorkshire man who is their comrade. *How they took the Town of Lungtungpens* and *With the Rear-guard* are tales of as good fighting as ever were transcribed. Every soldier should inspire himself with their gay daring and masterful adventure. The legend of the wanderer with the head of his crowned and dead comrade in his wallet proves that Mr. Kipling would excel in the wildest myths of adventure, if he cared. He has comedy, tragedy, farce, in his repertory, all in small parcels. He has seen a perfect Odyssey of strange experience, has known or has divined the most unheard-of dealings of men with men, and everywhere has found them very human. The last story in *Plain Tales* promises not a conclusion but a beginning to the legend of an English scholar sunk in drink, in Islam, and the dirt of a bazar. All this would be entirely new, and we may trust that Mr. Kipling will give us a longer narrative on the subject. Whether he can write a long novel, or a novel rather of the usual proportions, remains to be seen. Very few men have excelled in both forms of the art fictitious, and he certainly excels in one. At a passage, a picture, an incident, a character, he is already, perhaps, all but unrivalled among his contemporaries. Can he weave masses of this into a consistent fable? This remains to be tried.

I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe. His favorite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home, and passions that do not stray far from the drawing-room or the parlor. In style, as has been said, he has brevity, brilliance, selection; he is always at the centre of the interest; he wastes no words; he knows not padding. He can understand passion, and make us understand it. He has sympathies unusually wide, and can find the rare strange thing in the midst of the commonplace. He has energy, spirit, vision. Refinement he has not in an equal measure; perhaps he is too abrupt, too easily taken by a piece of slang, and one or two little mannerisms become provoking. It does not seem as yet that he very well understands or can write very well about ordinary English life. But he has so much to say that he might well afford to leave the ordinary to other writers. He has the alacrity of the French intellect, and often displays its literary moderation and reserve. One may overestimate what is so new, what is so undeniably rich in many promises. This is a natural tendency in the critic. To myself Mr. Kipling seems one of two, three, or four young men, and he is far the youngest, who flash out genius from some unexpected place; who are not academic, nor children of the old literature of the world, but of their own works. What seems cynical, flighty, too brusque, and too familiar in him, should mellow with years. I do not believe that Europe is the place for him. There are three other continents where I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial material. He is an exotic romancer. His muse needs the sun, the tramp of horses, the clash of swords, the jingling of bridle-reins, vast levels of sand, thick forests, wide gleaming rivers, the temples of strange gods. This at least is a personal theory, which may readily be contradicted by experience. But I trust that it may not be contradicted, and that Mr. Kipling's youth and adventurous spirit may bring on tales and sketches and ballads from many shores not familiar, from many a home of Patháns, Kaffirs, Pawnees, from all natural men. He is not in tune with our modern civilization, whereof many a heart is sick; he is more at home in an Afghan pass than in the Strand.

ANDREW LANG.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE FEEBLE.

So long as the failing embers of vitality are capable of being rekindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despond, but derive encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the dilapidated powers of a broken-down system. Yes, thanks to its unexampled tonic virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood fertilized, and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe. Use it, and regain vigor!—[*Adv.*]

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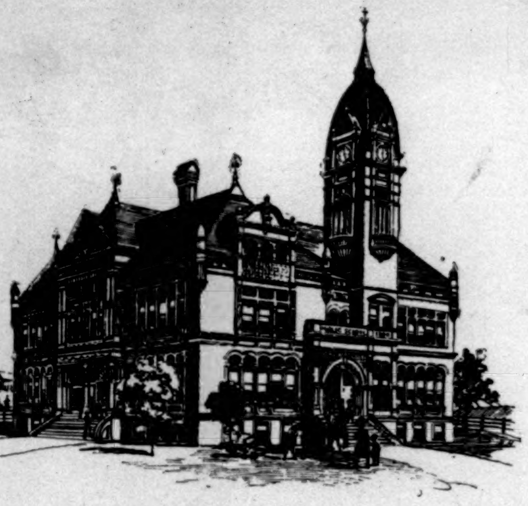
SPOKANE FALLS AND ITS EXPOSITION.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

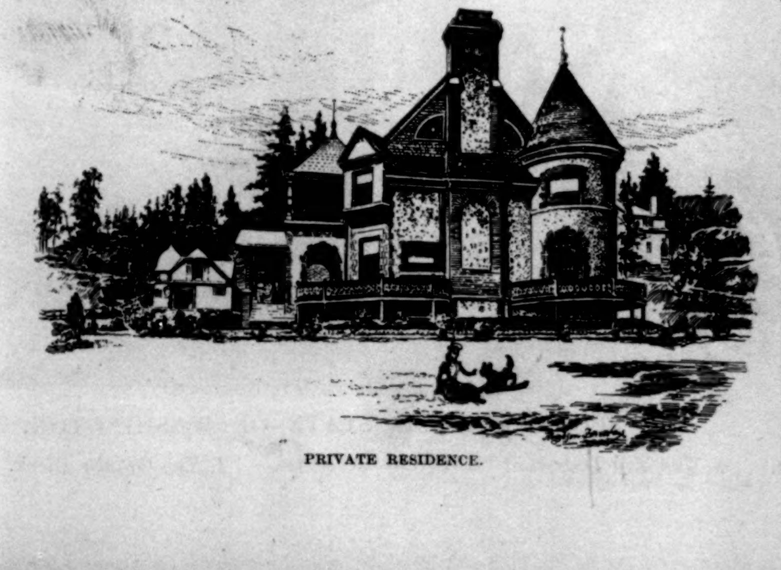
THE man who regretted his inability to visit the West, on the ground that it would not come together decently in one place, very tersely expressed the feelings of many amiable Eastern people. If the West could be brought together under a tent or in a World's Fair building, hundreds of thousands of Eastern folk would gladly pay a handsome price to see it. Indifference really does less to keep people at home than the fatigue of riding several thousand miles in railway cars. The West is undoubtedly one of the most interesting regions in the world to travel in, but few persons can afford the time to see it. The busy man who spends a three weeks' vacation in riding from New York to San Francisco and back does not see the West; instead, he gets a confused impression of monotonous railway stations, whizzing telegraph poles, and lonely prairie schooners.



PUBLIC-SCHOOL BUILDING.

If one really could bring the West together in one place, so that it might be properly examined, it would be a good thing for Eastern travellers and a great thing for the West itself. The people of the Pacific Northwest seem to have formed this same opinion, for they are now trying, as far as may be, to bring their own particular section of America into one spot, where any one who wishes to do so may go and look at it. They cannot well do this literally, but they can come reasonably near it in the movement that they have set on foot. After a careful review of the best methods of attracting the attention of people in all parts of the United States, the citizens of Spokane Falls decided to hold the Northwestern Industrial Exposition from October 1st to November 1st. This decision was wisely made; for, next to an actual visit to the various sections of the Northwest, an industrial exhibition of the resources and products of the region was the most practical thing that could have been selected. In a well-conducted Exposition, such as the Northwestern promises to be, the busy visitor will get a reasonably clear idea of the riches, the growth, the industrial prosperity, and the future prospects of this wonderful country.

That it is a wonderful country no one who knows its resources will deny. It is a silver-mining country, an iron and coal country, a timber country, and a grazing and agricultural country all combined in one; and right in the centre of these varied seats of wealth sits Spokane Falls, with one of the finest water-powers in the United States. Any accurate map of Washington, Idaho, and the surrounding country will show in a comprehensive way the peculiar advantages of the location of Spokane Falls. To the north lies the Colville mining district, where iron, copper, lime, fire-clay, and other useful articles are to be had in large quantities; still farther north are the Kootenay mines and great coal deposits. To the northwest lie granite, sandstone, slate, and asbestos, while farther away in the same direction are to be found the Okanagon gold and silver mines and marble quarries. On the rolling land of the west and southwest the Big Bend stock country pastures hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep. In the great country to the southward there are many thrifty and growing communities, engaged in farming, fruit-raising, wool-growing, tobacco-planting, and other pursuits of agriculture. To the southeast is the Palouse farming and fruit district, which is asserted to be the finest in the world. In the tributary region to the eastward are vast forests of timber and extensive deposits of mica and other minerals. The east and northeast territory contains crude petroleum and natural gas, and, most important of all, the great gold and silver mines of the Cœur d'Alene.



PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

Thus is Spokane Falls encircled by a jewelled ring, the crowning ornament of which is the famous Cœur d'Alene. The situation here might appropriately be compared to the hopper of a huge mill. Each surrounding district contributes its particular product, and the water-power in the centre grinds them all together. The ground product is the business of the city of Spokane Falls.

The natural and climatic advantages of this circle of country are peculiar. One would readily suppose, from the geographical situation, that this was a country of short summers and long winters, and that the weather was so bad most of the time that the hardy farmer built bonfires to keep his crops from freezing. This idea is far from the actual condition of affairs, however, as any student of physical geography can demonstrate by scientific deduction. The Pacific Northwest is in reality a country of long summers and short winters, and a climate that any health resort might wish to claim as its own.

The reason for this is simple. Somewhere over on the coast of Japan there is generated out of the heat and humidity of eastern Asia a warm current of sea-water and a warm current of air. These two currents travel across the tepid Pacific Ocean, and dash themselves upon the western American coast. The current of water stops at the shore, but the current of warm air flows eastward over the low-lying Cascade Mountains, spreads over the wide sweep of eastern Washington, and breaks upon the impassable barrier of the Rockies. Here it is lost, like some gentle spirit of spring, among the snow peaks and icy ridges of the great range. No mild Japan breeze ever finds its way east of the Rocky Mountains. These may be called the prevailing winds of Washington, but at intervals during the winter snow-storms sweep down from other directions, and rob the Pacific Northwest of its amiable Japanese character. The dismayed sheep-herder or the amazed cow-boy may go out in the morning to find his stock floundering about in a foot of snow that has fallen during the night, but he knows that the Japanese current—which is here called the Chinook wind—will soon drive out the boisterous intruder. When the Chinook wind begins to blow, the snow melts, and soon the brooks are full of running water, so that before the cattle and sheep are fairly hungry they are again able to get at the grass. The patriotic Washingtonian possibly believes in his heart that the Chinook wind was created especially for this particular stretch of country, and certainly it could not have been arranged more beneficially had it been made to order.

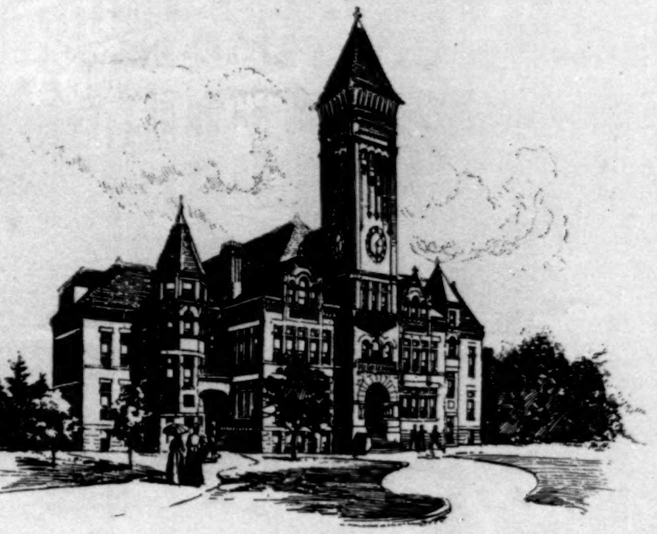
The men who first ventured into the Pacific Northwest were hardly less quick to discover the advantages of the warm westerly winds than they were to appreciate the value of the mineral in the surrounding mountains. Those who were bound overland in prairie schooners saw that the men who came after them to develop the mines would be good customers for the products of the stock ranch and grain field, and they wisely decided to stay in eastern Washington and cultivate the soil. These men now have rich farms and orchards in the Palouse country and roundabout, and in most cases they are as satisfied with their original investment as any one could be. The Palouse country is almost an ideal region for the farmer and fruit-grower. It includes all that part of Washington lying between Spokane Falls and the Oregon line, and extending across the Idaho boundary. The soil is from three to seven feet deep, and very productive, although it seems to reverse the usual order of agriculture by producing the best crops on the hill-tops. The spring season in the Walla Walla and Snake River valleys, which are included in the Palouse country, is about two weeks earlier than at Spokane, owing to the current of warm air that comes up the Columbia River Valley from the Pacific Ocean. Partly because of the richness of the soil, and partly by reason of the favorable climate, the average yield of wheat is remarkably large. An average of thirty-five bushels to the acre is not excessive if the crop be properly taken care of. The average of crops of all kinds in the Palouse country is claimed to be higher than in any other part of the United States. The advantages of this region for agricultural purposes have been made use of by a large number of farmers, to the end that there are now numerous towns and villages that have high hopes of future wealth and greatness. All of these towns draw their supplies from Spokane Falls, which is the natural supply station for the Palouse country.

Of hardly less importance in an agricultural sense is the upper part of the Big Bend country, which may be described as all that stretch of territory adjacent to the great bend in the Columbia River west of Spokane Falls. About four million acres of good farming lands are contained in this district, most of which is available for successful agriculture. Much of it is still in the hands of the government, from which it may be obtained by settlers on the usual terms. The Seattle, Lake Shore, and Eastern, and the Washington Central railroads are now building through the district. The land of the lower Big Bend country will not be available for agricultural purposes until some system of irrigation can be applied to it.

It will be seen by these brief references to the agricultural resources of eastern Washington that the farming element alone would have built up a large city in time at some central point, but the men who rushed into the mines from every country on the face of the earth settled the question of a central city for all time to come. Indeed, nature had already settled it hundreds of years before they were born. Nature apparently selects the sites of great cities, and groups around them the necessary resources to encourage and make possible their growth. Thus was the site of Spokane indicated, and a water-power placed there that should enable the builders of the city to work to the best advantage. The men who began the development of the mines in the Cœur d'Alene region found that Spokane was their only gateway, and they made it such. Where they planted a gateway, a city followed.

The history of Spokane is in many respects as remarkable as that of any city on the American continent. Fifteen years ago the tumbled falls alone marked the spot where now stands a community of nearly 30,000 industrious people. The adventurous traveller, pausing beside the falls to rest his jaded horse and to admire the beauty of the whirling water, would not have found even a log cabin or a trapper's tent. Possibly he might have come upon a wandering Spokane Indian, with tepee and pony, but certainly no other element of human life. It was not until five years later that the heralds of modern civilization camped beside the falls and built themselves rude houses. Ten years ago man first put his yoke upon the turbulent river. It was only a small yoke, and the river did not seem to care much about it one way or the other, but it was the forerunner of the greater yoke to come. At that time a noisy little dam reached out across one arm of the river, and diverted some of the abundance of water to turn the wheels in a mountain saw-mill. The Spokane Indians were still loitering about, probably attracted by the approach of civilization and its more enlivening accessories.

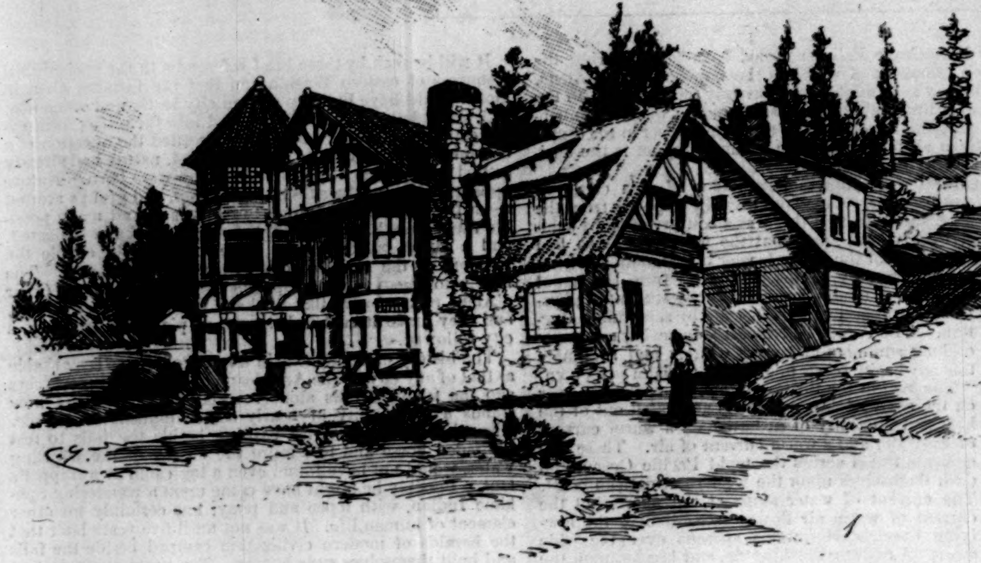
From that time forward the community at the falls grew steadily, but it must not be supposed that it grew rapidly. On the contrary, its early existence was clouded by the bitter experience of the men who rushed into the Cœur d'Alenes almost empty-handed during the beginning of the first winter in which the richness of the region had become known. Unfortunately the winter in the mountains was one of the severest that had been known there in many years, and the men who had made frantic haste to get into the new diggings before snow fell made as frantic efforts to get out when the furious winter actually set in. The privations, hardships, and sufferings that these men were compelled to undergo carried dismay to other camps, where men had already made preparations to cast their lots with the Cœur d'Alenes, and as a result few prospectors went into the mountains for some time to come. The hopes of the little community at Spokane Falls were as ashes. The sickness of despair came upon them, and the riches that they had expected to acquire were as far off as the clouds. The little business that had been created by the rush to the mines and the consequent overland trade withered like the green shoots of corn in the drought, and the store counters grew dusty from neglect. Still these pioneers had faith. They felt sure that the mineral was there in the mountains, and that some day men would come and take it out; and they knew that the valleys were fertile, and that some day farmers would come to cultivate them. So they waited on, often without hope, but never without faith. In the course of time, when the first hot curses heaped upon the Cœur d'Alenes had grown cold, prospectors began to come again to the mountains. Business showed signs of plucking up its torpid courage. Then a railway—the longest in the world—crept out from the region of the head of the Great Lakes, and pushed its way across the Northwestern wilderness. The village of Spokane Falls lay directly in its path. Business became brisk. Hope was once more rising like the mist from the falls.



HIGH-SCHOOL.

In less than a year the population had grown to be about 500. The Northern Pacific Railroad reached Spokane Falls in 1881, and immediately the prospects of the place looked brighter than ever before. Farmers, merchants, and men of capital, who took note of the steady development of the mines, came to Spokane, and established themselves in their various callings, and after them came their families and their friends. In 1883 the population had become 1500. During the next four years the progress made showed that the faith of the pioneers was to be realized, for at the close of 1887 there were two daily newspapers, three flouring mills, several saw-mills, three banks, a large number of mercantile houses, and a population of 7000.

Two years later came the eventful year in the history of



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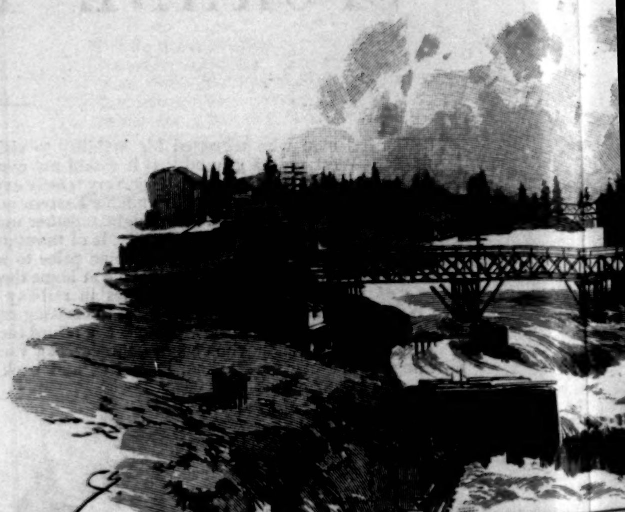

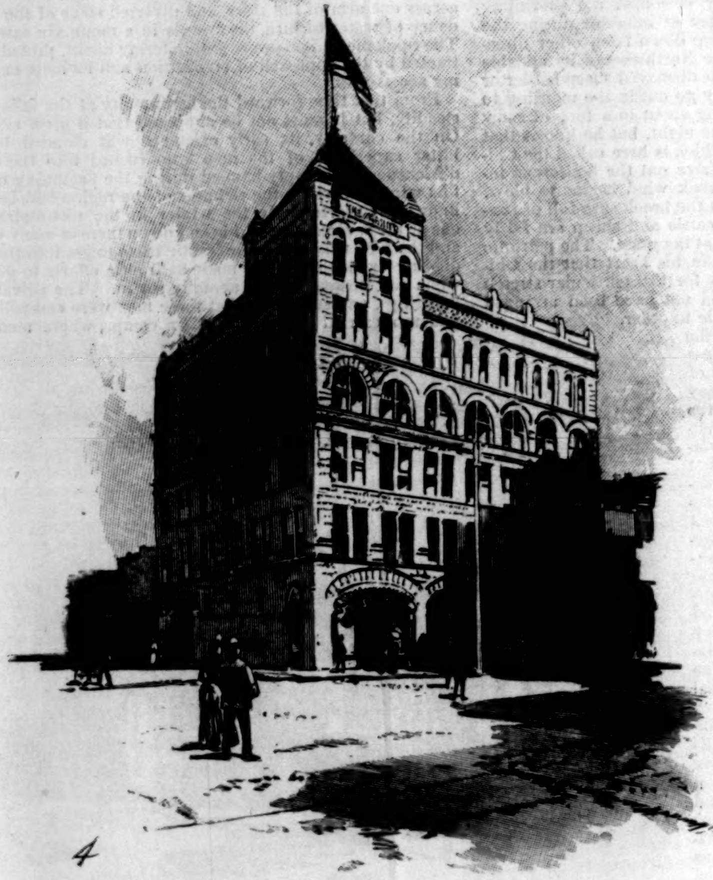

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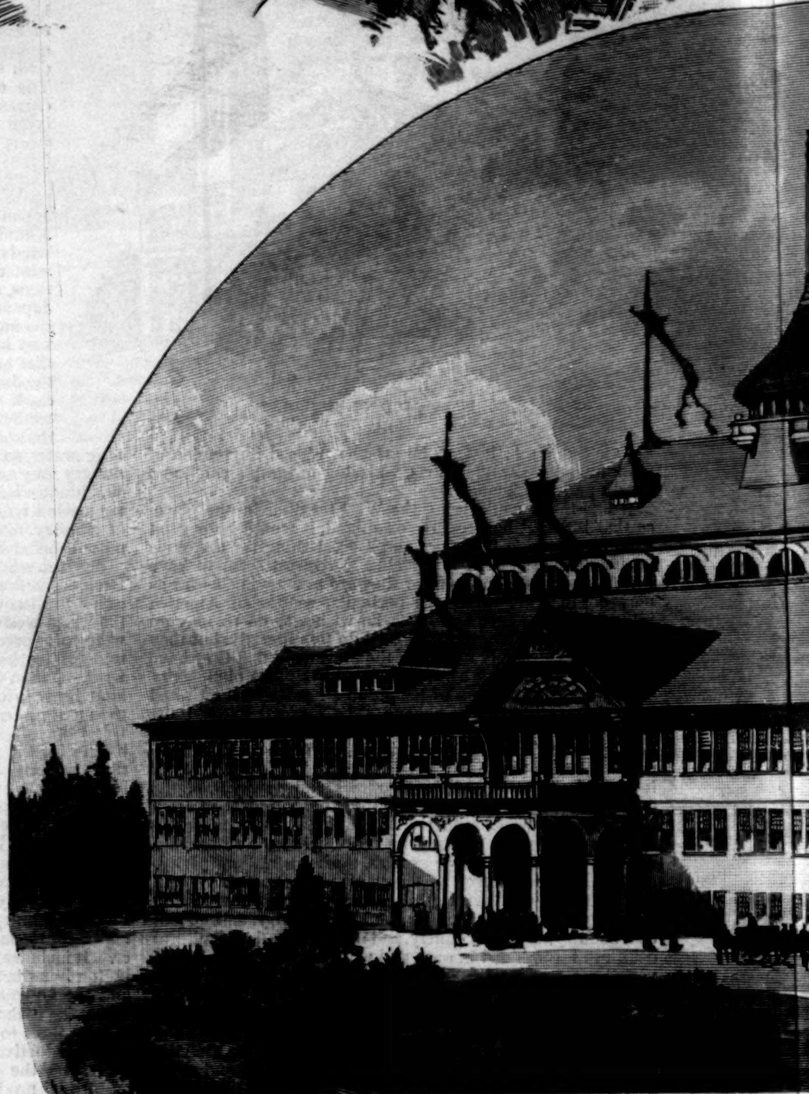

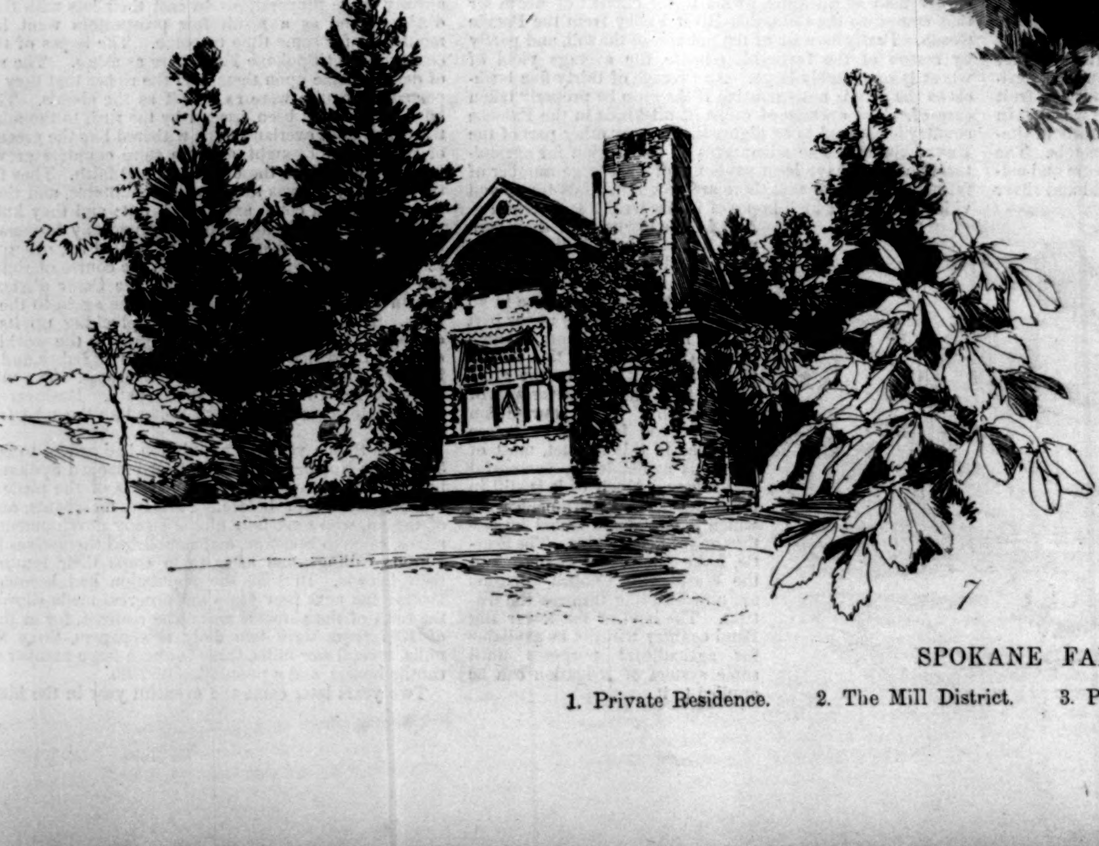

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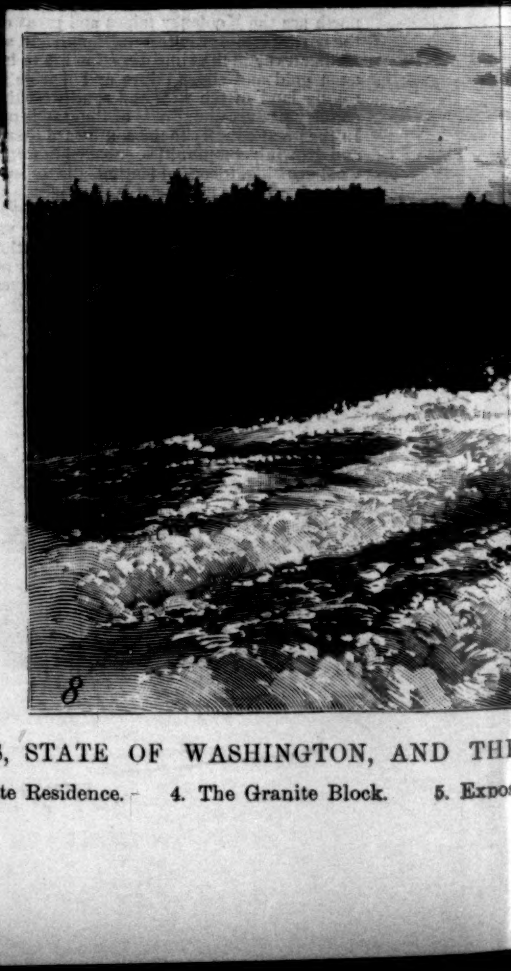

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SPOKANE FALLS, STATE OF WASHINGTON, AND TH

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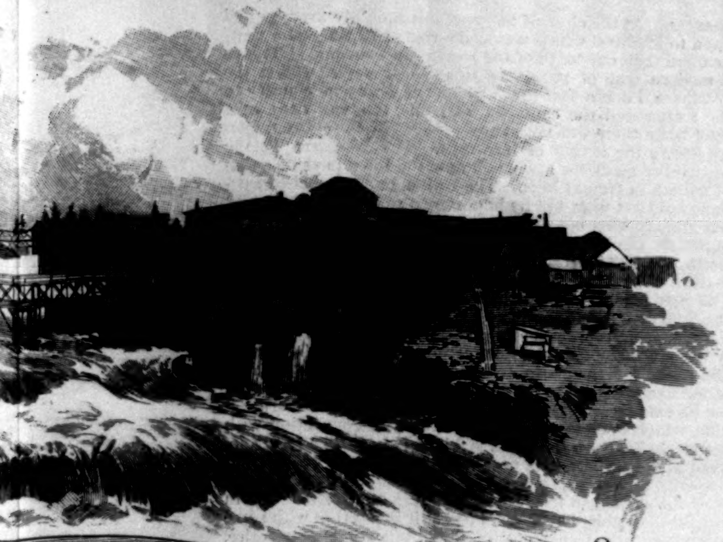

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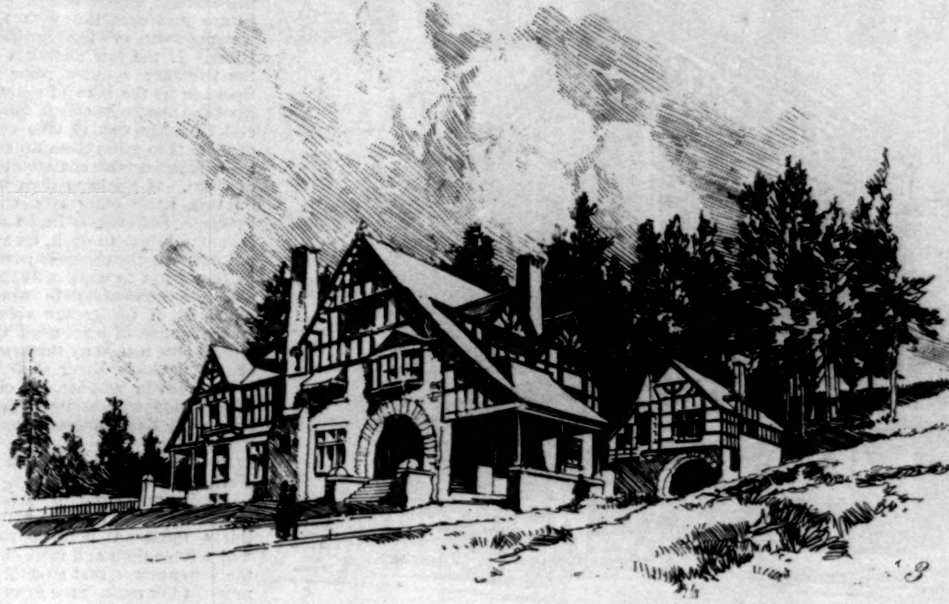

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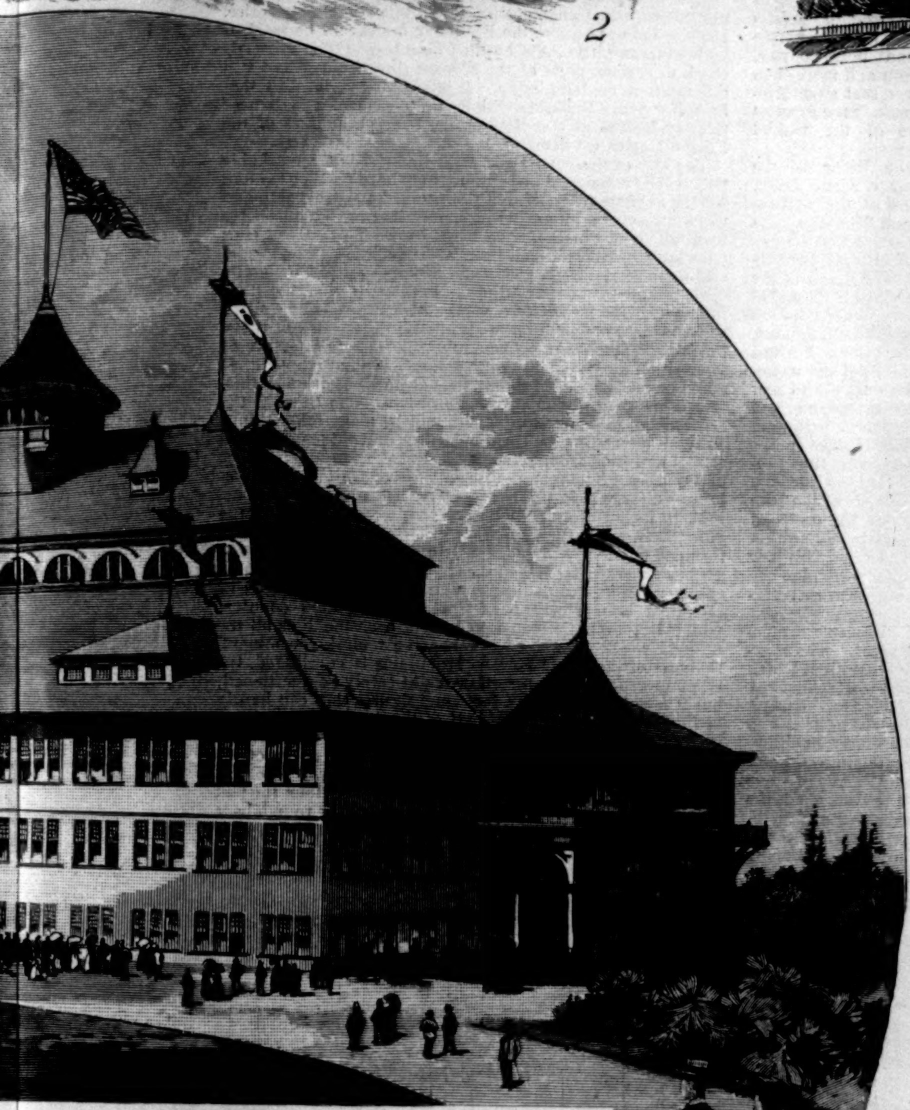

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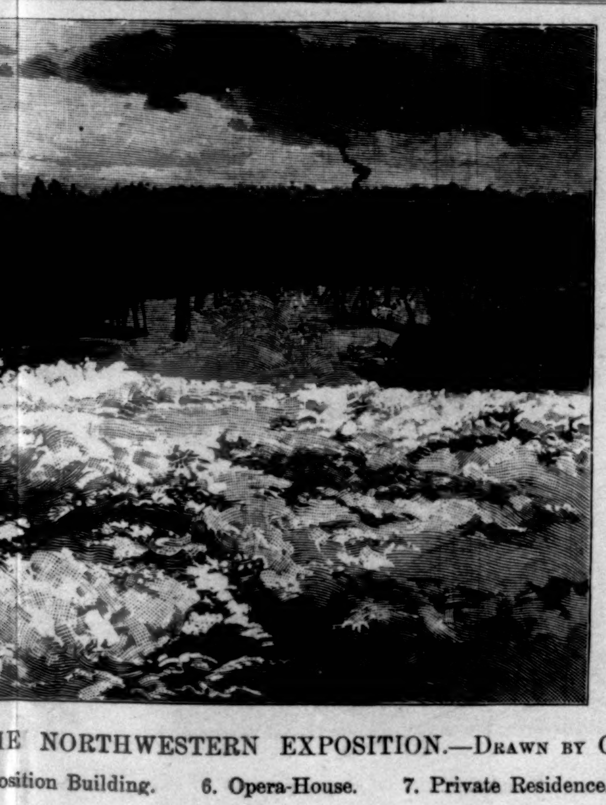

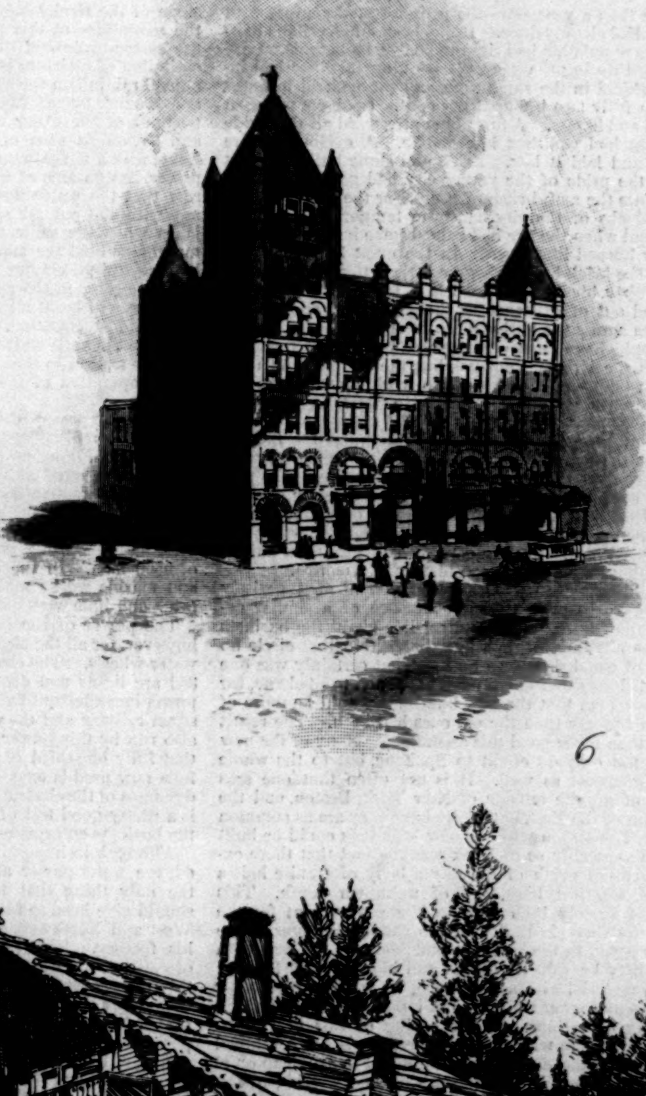

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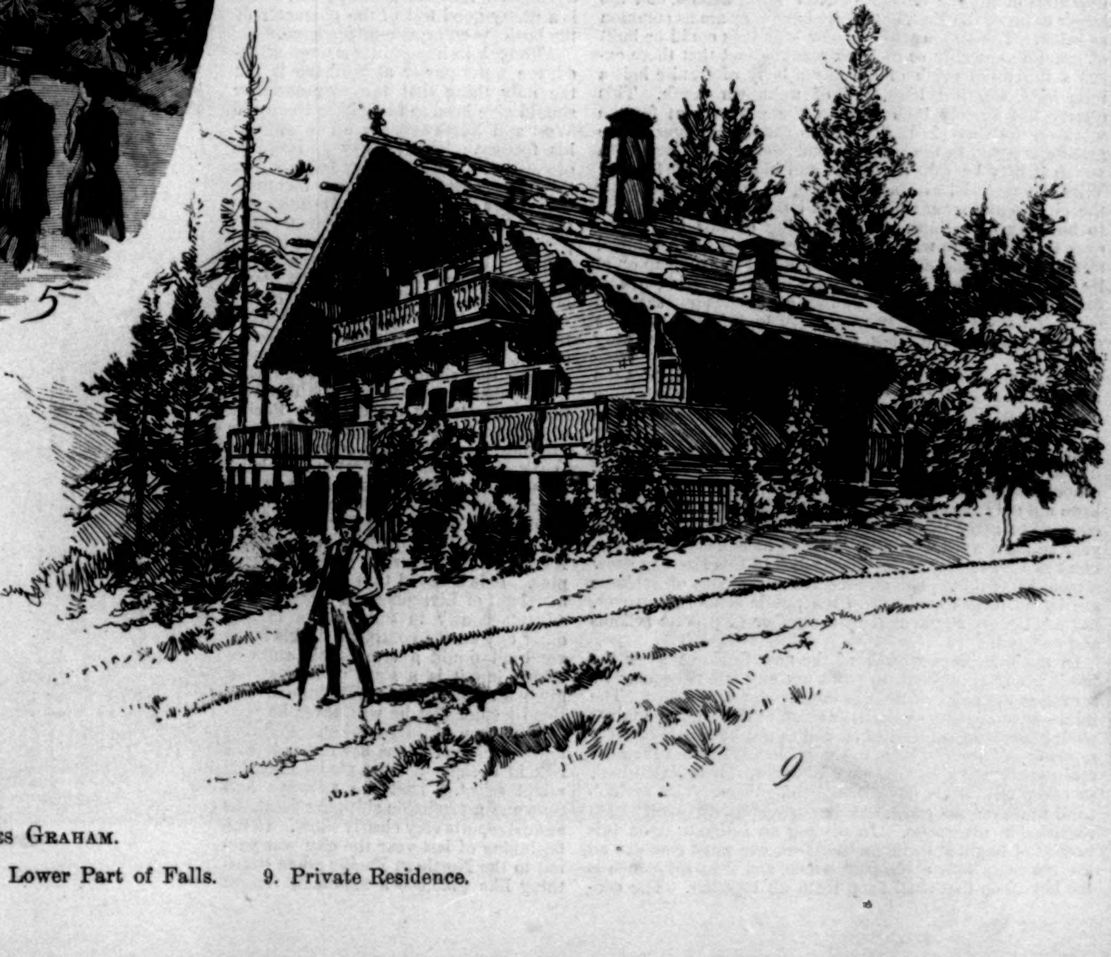

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HE NORTHWESTERN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

osition Building. 6. Opera-House. 7. Private Residence. 8. Lower Part of Falls. 9. Private Residence.